

# THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF  
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,  
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,  
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4680. [REGISTERED AS  
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1920.

SIXPENCE.  
Postage: U.K. 1d.; Abroad, 1d.

## ... THE ... CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

With which is now incorporated  
THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

WITH the January issue the Contemporary Review will be considerably enlarged, and with it will be incorporated The International Review. The addition to the contents will include the outstanding feature of the latter Review, namely, "The World of Nations: Facts and Documents." It was this feature which gave the International Review its unique character, consisting as it does of unedited treaties, official documents and pronouncements, and other material not otherwise readily accessible to the public. Hitherto, no newspaper or journal in this country has ever made a point of publishing, fully and completely, all the more important data without which any real knowledge of international relations is impossible.

The increase in the size of the Contemporary Review necessitates a slight increase in the price, which in future will be 3s. 6d. monthly.

The Contemporary Review, founded in 1862, is one of the oldest of the British Magazines, and stands in the front rank of European Reviews. It deals with all subjects of current interest—Religion, Politics, Literature, Philosophy, Science, Art, Education, and Social Topics. The first writers of our own and foreign countries are found among the contributors.

### CONTENTS—JANUARY:

By VISCOUNT BRYCE, O.M.  
THE SETTLEMENT OF THE NEAR EAST.  
By HAROLD SPENDER.  
IS IT PEACE?  
By SIR CHARLES MALLET.  
FREE TRADE AND THE COALITION.  
By J. D. BOURCHIER.  
VIE VICTIS.  
By NORMAN ANGELL.  
THE ECONOMIC CHAOS IN EUROPE.  
By LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.  
THE ECCLESIASTICAL SITUATION IN SCOTLAND.  
By CHARLES WOODS.  
THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN.  
By H. E. A. COTTON.  
CONSTITUTION-MAKING FOR INDIA.

By T. F. FARMAN.  
THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.  
By Dr. P. GEYL.  
HOLLAND IN THE NEW ERA.  
By J. G. MUDDIMAN.  
SPIRITUALISM IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES II.  
By DOROTHY HENKEL.  
MADAME DE SEVIGNE.  
WORLD OF NATIONS: FACTS & DOCUMENTS—RAILWAY NATIONALIZATION: MR. PLUMB EXPLAINS HIS PLAN. GERMANY IN THE CONFESSIONAL.  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT—  
THE CATHEDRAL GHOST, by J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY.  
REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

MONTHLY

3/6

OF ALL BOOKSTALLS & NEWSAGENTS or  
By Post from 10, ADELPHI TERRACE, W.C 2

BY POST

3/9

## Appointments Vacant

### LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

**T**HE Council invites applications for the appointment of two **TECHNICAL ASSISTANTS** to act under the supervision of the head of the technology branch in the Education Officer's department. The work of the Technology Branch embraces Technical and Commercial Institutes, Schools of Art and Continuation Schools (day and evening). The salary will be £600 a year, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £800 a year. This salary is based on existing economic conditions. The persons appointed will be required to give their whole time to the duties of their office.

Applications must be made on the official form to be obtained from the Education Officer, London County Council, Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2, to whom they must be returned not later than 11 a.m. on Saturday, January 31, 1920. Preference will be given to those persons who have served or attempted to serve with H.M. Forces.

All communications on the subject must be endorsed "G.P. 87" and a stamped addressed foolscap envelope must be enclosed. Candidates who desire the receipt of their applications to be acknowledged should enclose a stamped addressed postcard. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,  
Clerk of the London County Council.

### CITY OF BRADFORD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

#### TECHNICAL COLLEGE.

ASSISTANT LECTURER in PHYSICS.

ASSISTANT LECTURER in ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

ASSISTANT LECTURER in TEXTILE MECHANICS.

Applications are desired for the above Appointments. Salary Scale, £150 to £350 with an additional bonus of £78. Initial salary governed by qualifications of successful candidates. Further particulars may be obtained from the Principal of the College.

By order.

12th December, 1919.

**T**HE COMMITTEE OF EDGE HILL TRAINING COLLEGE will proceed to elect a **PRINCIPAL** in the Spring Term, 1920. The selected candidate will be expected to enter on her duties September 1, 1920.

Applications from candidates for this office should be addressed not later than February 14, 1920, to—

F. STANLEY MORRIS,

Secretary,

Edge Hill Training College,  
41, North John Street,

Liverpool.

From whom information as to the duties and emoluments of the Principal may be obtained.

### REFORMATORY AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

#### VACANCY FOR A WOMAN INSPECTOR.

**T**HERE is a **VACANCY** for a **WOMAN INSPECTOR** of **REFORMATORY AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS** for which applications are invited. Candidates must be under 40 years of age. Preference will be given to Women of University training who have had experience of residential schools or social work among girls. The salary is £250, rising by increments of £15 a year to £350 (excluding war bonus which would amount at present rate to £135 a year on the initial salary).

Applications giving full particulars of qualifications and experience and copies of testimonials should be sent to the **CHIEF INSPECTOR** of **REFORMATORY AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS**, Home Office, Whitehall, on or before January 17.

## Appointments Vacant

**H**ARROGATE, ASHVILLE COLLEGE.—Wanted, for Spring term, **MASTER** (resident preferred), qualified to teach Chemistry and Physics. Salary commencing (resident) £180, (non-resident) £280; annual increments £10. Eligible for pension scheme.

## Appointment Wanted

**L**IBRARY WORK of any kind anxiously desired by demobilised lieutenant-scholar of leading public school and of college at Cambridge. First-class Classical Tripos, good French and German; age 48; schoolmaster till enlistment (1915).—Box 543, **ATHENÆUM** Advert. Office, 170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

## Authors' Agents, etc.

**T**HE **AUTHORS' ALLIANCE** are prepared to consider and place MSS. for early publication. Literary work of all kinds dealt with by experts who place Authors' interests first. Twenty years' experience. Please note new address: 93 and 94, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2.

**L**ITERARY Translations and Typewriting. Highest refs.—**PHILOLOGOT BUREAU**, 43, Palatine Rd., Stoke Newington, N

**T**YPEWRITING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION carefully and promptly executed at home, 1s. per 1,000 words; carbon copy, 3d. per 1,000 words. Duplicating. Cambridge Local.—**MISS NANCY MCFARLANE**, 11, Palmeira Avenue, Westcliffe Essex.

**B**OOKS on every conceivable subject. Secondhand, at half prices; New, at best prices. Catalogue free. One of the fine stocks of Rare Books, and First Editions. State wants; Books bought.  
**W. & G. FOYLE, LTD.**, 121-125, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

### NORWICH UNION FIRE OFFICE.

Founded 1797. **HEAD OFFICES**, NORWICH and LONDON.  
(London Head Office, 50, FLEET STREET, E.C.4.)

**CHIEF** 71 and 72, King William Street, E.C.4.  
**LONDON BRANCHES** 22, Birch Lane, E.C.3 (Marine and Accident).

**CLAIMS PAID EXCEED..... £34,000,000.**  
Branches and Agencies throughout the World.

### BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

A Registered Friendly Society founded in the year 1837 for the assistance of members and their widows and children when in necessitous circumstances.

Patron: **HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.**

President: **CHARLES JAMES LONGMAN, Esq.**

An Annual Subscription of One Guinea, or a Donation of Ten Guineas, entitles the donor to Honorary Membership with the privilege of voting at General Meetings; whilst a bequest of Twenty Guineas constitutes the executor an Honorary Member for life, with power to vote.

Subscriptions or Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, **Mr. WILLIAM POULTEN**, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.4, who will gladly furnish any further particulars that may be desired.

**NOW READY AT THE BOMB SHOP**

**COTERIE A QUARTERLY**

**ART, PROSE AND POETRY**

**CONTRIBUTORS:** John Gould Fletcher, E. R. Dodds, Sacheverell Sitwell, E. C. Blunden, Harold Monro, Robert Nichols, F. S. [Flint, Richard Aldington, Osbert Sitwell, Edward J. O'Brien, L. A. G. Strong, Edith Sitwell, Aldous Huxley, Wilfred Owen, Conrad Aiken, Thomas Moulton, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Russell Green, Douglas Goldring, Chaman Lall, E. H. W. Meyerstein, Herbert Read, Babette Deutsch, H. J. Massingham, Wilfred Childe, Eliot Crawshaw Williams, T. W. Earp, Turnbull, John Flanagan, Modigliani, Edward Wadsworth. **COVER DESIGN:** William Roberts.

**No. 3 Now Ready, 2s. 8d. Post Free**

**HENDERSONS 66 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON**

## Art Exhibitions

## ROYAL ACADEMY

The Nation's War Paintings  
IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM EXHIBITION.  
Weekdays, 10-6. **1/3** TEA-ROOM.

## NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

61st Exhibition, January 1-30,  
R.W.S. Galleries, 5a, Pall Mall East, (Nr. National Gallery.)  
Daily 10-17.30

## The ETCHINGS of AUGUSTUS JOHN

"It is a wonderful exhibition, a résumé  
of a great part of John's artistic life, a  
revelation of one of the very greatest  
artists of our own times."—

*Sunday Times.*

THE CHENIL GALLERY, CHELSEA.  
BY THE TOWN HALL, KING'S ROAD.

THE CHINESE GALLERY  
20, James Street, Oxford Street, W.1

CHINESE WORKS OF ART  
Porcelains, Jade, Embroideries, Lace, etc.  
*Frequent direct consignments*

## Miscellaneous

VANITY FAIR CARTOONS for Sale, please state subjects  
required, lists free. Any V. F. Cartoon issued supplied  
R. WEIR & Co., High Road, Woodford, London E.18 England.

## Lectures

THE course of lectures by BERTRAND RUSSELL on the  
ANALYSIS OF MIND will be continued at Dr. Williams'  
Library, Gordon Square W.C.1. on Monday, January 12, 1920,  
at 6 p.m. and the seven following Mondays.

## Sales by Auction

STEVENS' AUCTION ROOMS. Established 1760.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13, AT 12.30.

By order of the Exors. of the late Sydney Webb, Esq., the property  
of a lady, and from various sources.

English, Continental and Oriental Porcelain, including examples  
of Worcester, Derby, Rockingham, Coalbrookdale. Fine Chelsea  
and Bow Figures and Vases. A pair of Worcester Vases (square  
mark). A Spode Service, Wedgwood, Ironstone and Salt Glaze.  
Dresden, Sevres and other groups, vases, &c. Decorative Oriental  
Porcelain, Cloisonne Bronzes, and Ivories. Screens. Cut and  
Engraved Glass.

M R. J. C. STEVENS will SELL the above Property by  
AUCTION at his Rooms, 38, King Street, Covent Garden,  
London, W.C. 2.

On view day prior, 9.30 to 5.30, and morning of Sale till 12 o'clock.  
Catalogues on application.

## INDEX TO THE ATHENÆUM

For JANUARY to DECEMBER, 1918, is

**NOW READY**

And may be obtained FREE on application to  
THE MANAGER, THE ATHENÆUM.

10, ADELPHI TERRACE, STRAND, W.C. 4.

## PLEASE HELP

THE  
CHURCH  
ARMY

*Because it helps others*

Its EVANGELISTIC BRANCHES include  
TRAINING COLLEGES for evangelists  
and sisters; evangelists and sisters  
working in hundreds of town and country  
parishes; 70 MISSION-VANS itinerating  
the country districts; Missions of many  
kinds, including those in PRISONS,  
WORKHOUSES, and SLUMS; and  
many others.

For Men still serving it has RECREATION  
CENTRES in Rhineland, and in France  
and Belgium.

FOR EX-SERVICE MEN it has a flourishing  
EMPLOYMENT BUREAU, HOSTELS for  
the LIMBLESS AND DISABLED, and for  
men learning trades or seeking work;  
care of SOLDIERS' MOTHERLESS  
CHILDREN, &c., &c.

Its SOCIAL BRANCHES include Hostels,  
Homes, Clubs, &c., of many sorts for  
men and women, boys and girls, relief of  
DISTRESS by non-pauperising methods;  
uplifting DISCHARGED PRISONERS;  
OVERSEAS SETTLEMENT, and many  
others.

Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Head-  
quarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1, will  
gladly give all information and gratefully receive gifts  
towards the heavy expenses; cheques being crossed  
"Barclays',  $\frac{1}{4}$  Church Army," payable to Prebendary  
Carlile.

*Fourth edition now ready.*

# A Century of British Foreign Policy

BY

G. P. GOOCH, M.A.

AND

THE REV. CANON

J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A.

Crown 8vo. Cloth.

Price 3/6 net. Post free 3/8

The two Essays contained in this volume were written at the suggestion of the Council for the study of International Relations. It was felt that there was considerable need for a concise treatment of British Foreign Policy during the last century. Mr. Gooch and Canon Masterman have supplied this need. The book will be found of value to all who desire to understand the development of British Foreign Relations.

## SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

" 'A Century of British Foreign Policy' is an admirable little book—concise, well arranged, well combined."—*The Nation*.

" War, however, has brought a revulsion in feeling; and there will be a general welcome for the little book of only just over 100 pages in which Mr. Gooch and Canon Masterman undertake to enlighten the ignorance of the British public, and to show how simple and straightforward in its broad lines has been British foreign policy in the last hundred years."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

" In this the authors set before us in simple style and with admirable clearness of exposition the main motives and intentions of British statesmen for the last century and a-half."—W. L. COURTNEY in *The Daily Telegraph*.

" Mr. G. P. Gooch and Canon J. H. B. Masterman have done a useful piece of work in writing 'A Century of British Foreign Policy.' One may differ from some of the judgments of the authors—though they are unusually far-minded—but as a brief survey of important events their book is admirable."—*Daily News and Leader*.

" This little book should be particularly useful for refreshing the memory of readers who are fairly familiar with the general history of the period covered."—*The Guardian*.

" Both authors have the historic instinct, and have won reputations as historians."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

" . . . this grave, thorough, and impartial review of the currents of foreign policy which have brought us to the World-War."—*Plymouth Western Mercury*.

Published for the COUNCIL for the STUDY of INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

BY

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN Ltd.  
RUSKIN HOUSE, 40, MUSEUM STREET, W.C.1

## The Manchester Guardian

WEEKLY EDITION.

Every Friday **2d.** Twenty Pages

THE WEEKLY EDITION is generally for circulation overseas, but it is invaluable to those who cannot conveniently take in the "DAILY GUARDIAN."

Order from your Newsagent, or fill in the attached form:—

**Send it to your Friends Abroad.**

To the Manchester Guardian, 3, Cross Street, Manchester.

Home Abroad  
12 Months 10/10 13/-  
6 Months 5/5 6/6  
Post Free.

I enclose .....

Please send the  
Manchester Guardian

Weekly Edition for.....months to:—

Name.....

Address.....

Signed .....

A .....

## THE POEMS OF WILFRID WILSON

GIBSON

Price 6d. Postage 1d.

No. II. of The Westminster Classics consists of a collection of twenty-three of the Poems of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson the special merits of which have been widely recognised by the Press.

*The Nation* says of them:—"The main thing about these poems is just that they are extraordinary poems; by means of their psychology, no less and no more than by means of their metre, their rhyme, their intellectual form and their concrete imagery, they pierce us with flashing understanding of what war is and means—not merely what it is to these individual pieces of ordinary human nature who are injured by it and who yet dominate it, but, by evident implication what war is in itself, as a grisly multitudinous whole. It seems to us beyond question that Mr. Gibson's 'Battle' is one of the most remarkable results the war has had in literature."

THE ATHENÆUM  
LITERATURE DEPT.,  
10, ADELPHI TER., W.C.2.



# THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF  
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,  
THE ARTS

## THE FALSE DAWN

PEOPLE are, at all times, inclined to believe what they desire; but in ordinary matters a number of correctives are provided. There is our old friend, experience, who teaches us that if we insist on believing that we can run a hundred yards in ten seconds we invariably miss our trains. That belief does not work; it comes into immediate collision with brute fact and suffers ignominious disaster. But there is another kind of beliefs which cannot be compelled to this salutary contact, beliefs which are expressed in what the philosophers call judgments of value. If we hold, for instance, that we are mighty fine fellows, our belief is not destroyed by the fact that we lose our trains, or even our jobs. As Mr. Arthur Balfour once said, to Mr. Will Crooks's bewilderment, the refutation does not lie *in pari materia*. You cannot prove a man is not a genius by knocking him out; indeed, as the recent annals of British pugilism show, to have been knocked out is hardly accepted as a sufficient proof that a man is not a genius at boxing.

But the correctives to such beliefs as that we are mighty fine fellows have to be subtle and subtly applied; and they are, of course, unpopular. As a nation we are said, with some justice, to have a profound distaste for irony and satire. Nevertheless, in normal times we can assimilate a largish dose of these admirable restoratives. The difficulty is vastly increased when the times are abnormal, as they may fairly be said to be abnormal now. For a period of some five years it was thought essential that we should be told every day, with all the scientific emphasis of modern methods of publicity, not only that we were fine fellows, but also that we were about to create a new world. Such beliefs had their uses during a period of national danger, though it may be questioned whether the new world would not have stood a better chance of being created if people had not been taught that it was bound to be. But the general result has been that the national tendency to see things

rose-coloured has become almost a national habit.

At such a time it is more than ever incumbent upon those who are able to react to exert their full strength to correct the habit. It is imperative that objectivity should somehow be rehabilitated, and the immutable standards once more set up in the market-place. The people upon whom this duty falls are the intellectuals—those who by definition have some predilection for the truth, who have learned that a judgment to be of any worth must be based upon knowledge, and that the truth has no necessary affinity with what is desired. It is indeed time that the intellectual party should have an innings, and the longer the innings the better it will be for the country and the world. For the confusion of values is becoming bewildering. By a curious but quite explicable trick of mind, the growing awareness (stimulated by collision with fact) that things political are falling quite perceptibly short of the millennium does not engender a habit of criticism with regard to things intellectual. On the contrary; all the disappointments of the world of fact are naively compensated by imaginary triumphs in the world of idea. If Europe is in a very bad way and England herself is a matter for anxiety, our professional optimists

have only to turn to modern English art and literature to be more amply confirmed in their faith that God's in his heaven and all's right with the world.

The tendency is natural, as we have said. If you cannot find what you desire to believe in one sphere where facts have an obvious weight of their own, you will look for and find it in another where facts are, or seem to be, less adamant. But the tendency, natural though it is, is unhealthy, and it fills us with dismay to find it manifested in quarters which we should have supposed the most unlikely. Thus in a recent number of the weekly *Manchester Guardian* we read with considerable surprise two articles, one by Professor Holmes, the Director of the National Gallery, the other by Professor Ramsay Muir. Professor Holmes's article was, we gladly admit, much the less surprising

## CONTENTS

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| THE FALSE DAWN ... ..  | 37     |
| THE REALITY, by H. M. Tomlinson ... ..   | 38     |
| POETRY:  |        |
| Old-Fashioned Widow's Song, by Elizabeth Stanley ... ..                                | 42     |
| The Suburb Street, by G. R. Malloch ... ..   | 45     |
| REVIEWS:   |        |
| Seventeenth-Century Poetry, by George Saintsbury ... ..                                | 40     |
| Without Tears ... ..   | 41     |
| Agamemnon in Plain Clothes, by J. T. Sheppard ... ..                                   | 42     |
| The Wisdom of our Ancestors ... ..   | 43     |
| Early Semitic Migrations, by R. Campbell Thompson ... ..                               | 44     |
| The Undeniable Shiver ... ..   | 45     |
| Pictures and Portraits ... ..  | 46     |
| A Wordsworth Anthology ... ..  | 47     |
| Dragonflies ... ..   | 48     |
| Abraham Lincoln as a Mystic ... ..   | 49     |
| SHORT NOTICES:   |        |
| Ireland the Outpost ... ..   | 47     |
| The Supreme Adventure ... ..   | 49     |
| Wanderings and Homes of Manuscripts ... ..   | 50     |
| BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ... ..   | 49     |
| BOOK SALES ... ..  | 50     |
| SCIENCE:   |        |
| A Scientific Explanation ... ..  | 50     |
| Societies—Forthcoming Meetings ... ..  | 51     |
| FINE ARTS:   |        |
| The Moral Factor in Art ... ..   | 52     |
| Exhibitions of the Week ... ..   | 52     |
| MUSIC:   |        |
| Purcell on the Stage, Part I., by Edward J. Dent ... ..                                | 53     |
| Concerts ... ..  | 54     |
| "Music and Letters" ... ..   | 54     |
| DRAMA:   |        |
| Christmas in the Theatres: I. Fairy Plays ... ..                                       | 55     |
| When it was Dark ... ..  | 55     |
| CORRESPONDENCE:  |        |
| "Theatricality"—Modern Art Criticism—Shenstone's Epitaph—"The Three Musketeers" ... .. | 56, 57 |
| FOREIGN LITERATURE:  |        |
| The Archpriest of Hita ... ..  | 58     |
| The Art of Saying Nothing ... ..   | 59     |
| Some Aspects of Urdu Poetry, by Syed Ross Masood ... ..                                | 60     |
| LIST OF NEW BOOKS ... ..   | 61-64  |

of the two. He merely declared that the exhibition of the nation's war pictures at Burlington House "marked the arrival of a new artistic movement as novel and as startling as that which began some sixty years ago when the first works of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood stung a drowsy world to fury." There is a belated air about this act of recognition which strikes us as somewhat droll, much as if someone should declare that the industrial era had arrived. For all these young painters have been hard at work for years. They are interesting, even though there is not much genius among them. But this "new movement," which is in truth only the reaction to a movement which really was novel and startling when it burst upon London and Professor Holmes in 1912, is a thing of shreds and patches. What is valuable in it is manifestly experimental; and the only sense in which it can be said to have arrived is that it has managed to find a way inside the doors of Burlington House.

Professor Holmes's *ipse dixit*, however, gave Professor Muir his cue. The gentle-sounding flute was taken up by a most brazen trumpet. Professor Muir is, we believe, a professor of history, which will explain the turn of his preliminary sentence:

"It is already clear that the war is to be followed by a great intellectual renaissance in England, comparable with that which arose out of the life-and-death struggle with Spain in the Elizabethan age and with that which sprang from the ferment of the French Revolution and the wars which followed it."

"It is already clear." In the case of axioms evidence is unnecessary; but Professor Muir generously supplies it. It is threefold. There is, first, Professor Holmes's article, which through Professor Muir's megaphone roars: "We may well be on the eve of the greatest and most original period in English painting"; there is the fact that "opera has already translated itself into English," whatever that may mean; there is the revival of poetry, manifest, as we surmised, in the volumes of "Georgian Poetry." Shame on those doubting hearts whose arithmetic is incapable of summing these three items into "a great intellectual renaissance"! But a professor of history will plant fresh courage in them. We wonder what Professor Muir would have discovered if he had been a professor of literature. Is it merely a slight accident of vocation which has prevented him from seeing a great revival in historical writing?

So the rolling snowball grows. A legitimate but somewhat excessive opinion of one professor who knows his subject becomes a certainty of miracle on the lips of another professor who knows nothing about the subject at all. The only thing left for any third professor who reads the second professor is to discover that Herr Einstein is an Englishman. The snowball descends with the sound of Boom, boom, boom, until it reposes in the valley, gigantic and wonderful to behold, with the legs and heads of a few enthusiastic professors sticking out of it, a complete and authenticated "great intellectual renaissance." Then a pale sun slowly rises and looks at the snowball a little while. A little while longer, and there remains, of the great renaissance only the bones of the reputations of the professors who boomed it.

That an intellectual renaissance will come we hope and believe. We conceive it our duty to do all we can to prepare the way for it. And the first essential is to apply the corrective of disinterested criticism to that capacity for self-deception which seems to have become infinite under the stress of war; for there is nothing so wearisome as a barndoor cock who ruins a necessary repose by crowing at the false dawn. Not only is he himself exasperating, but there are always so many stupid fowls to follow him.

M.

## THE REALITY

THERE was a country town of which we heard wonderful tales as children. But it was as far as Cathay. It had many of the qualities that once made Cathay desirable and almost unbelievable. We heard of it at the same time as we heard of the cities of Vanity Fair and Baghdad, and all from a man with a beard, who once sat by a London fire, just before bedtime, smoking a pipe and telling those who were below him on the rug about the past, and of more fortunate times, and of cities that were fair and far. Nothing was easier for us then than to believe fair reports. Good dreams must be true, for they are good. Some day, he said, he would take us to Torhaven; but he did not, for his luck was not like that.

Nothing like that; so instead we used to look westward to where Torhaven would be, whenever the sunset happened to seem the right splendour for the sky that would be over what was delectable and elsewhere. We made that do, for years. That Torhaven existed there was no doubt, for once we made a journey to Paddington Station—a long walk—and saw the very name on a railway carriage. It was a surprising and a happy thought that that carriage would go into such a town that very day. What is more confident than the innocence of youth? Where, if not with youth, could be found such willing and generous reliance in noble legend?

And how enduring is its faith! Long after, but not too long after, for fine appearances to us still meant fine prospects, we arrived one morning bodily in the haven of good report. Its genius was as bright as we expected. It had a shining face. It was the equal of the morning. Its folk could not be the same as those who lived within dark walls under a heaven that was usually but fumes. It lost nothing because we could examine its streets. We went from it with even a warmer and more comforting memory. What would happen to us if youth did not more than merely believe the pleasant tales that are told, if it did even loyally desire to believe that things are what they are said to be?

This country town is of the Southern kind which, with satisfaction, we show to strangers as something peculiarly of our country. It is ancient and luminous in an amphitheatre of hills, and schooners and barques come right among its gables. It is wealthy, but not of the common sort, for it never shows haste. It knows, of course, that wealth is cheap, until it has matured, and has attained that dignity which only leisure and the indifference of usage can confer. The region around has a long history of well-sounding

family names, as native as its hills—they arrived together, or thereabouts—and the lodge gates on its highways, with their weathered and mossy heraldic devices, have a way of acquainting you with the measure of your inconsequence as you pass them when on the tramp. Torhaven has no poverty. It tolerates some clean and obscure but very profitable manufactures. But its shipping is venerable, and is really not an industry at all, being as august as the owning of deer-parks. On market day you would think you were in a French town, so many are the agriculturalists, and such the quiet and solid evidence of their well-being. They own their farms, they love good horses, their wagons are built like ships, and their cattle, as aboriginal as the county families, might be the embodiment of the sleek genius of those hills and meadows, so famous are they for cream. The people of that country live well. They know their worth, and the substance which they add to the strength of the British community. And they pride themselves on the legends, peculiarly theirs, which tell of their independence of mind, of their vehement love of freedom, of their challenging liberal opinions and the nonconformity of their religious views. They are stout folk, kind and companionable, well-to-do, and do not love masters of any sort.

It was the first summer after the war had ended, and we were back again in Torhaven. The recollection of its ancient peace, of its stillness and light, of the refuge it offered, had got us there. Its very name had been the suggestion of escape. Where should we find people more likely to be quick and responsive? They would be among the first to understand the nature of the calamity which had overtaken us. They would know, long before amorphous and alien London, what that new world should be like which we owed to the young, a world in which might spring another hope for the bruised and amazed souls of the survivors.

Its light was the same. It was not only untarnished by such knowledge as we brought with us; it was radiant. Yet it was not without its memory of the disaster. We went into the church, whose porch had been restored; symbolical, perhaps, of our entry into a world from which, happily, the old things had passed. The church was empty, for this was market day, and current prices need close attention. Through its gloom, as through the penumbra of antiquity, faintly shone the pale forms of a few recumbent knights, and the permanent appeal of their upturned hands and faces kept the roof aware of human contrition. Above one of the figures, which was transfixed by a bright rod of sunlight, was a new Union Jack, crowned with laurels. The sun made a too vivid scarlet patch of one of its folds. We left, for that was the last suggestion of a better time expected in any sanctuary.

Just below the church was the theatre, devoted now to "the movies." It being market day the house was full. A poster outside pictured a bridge blowing up, and a motor-car falling into space. The midday sun was looking full at Torhaven's high street, which runs south and downhill steeply to the quay—a schooner filled the bottom of the street that day. Anything a not too unreasonable man could desire was offered in the shops of that thoroughfare. This being a time of change, when our thoughts are all un-

fixed and we have had rumours of the New Jerusalem, the side window of a fashionable jeweller's was devoted to tiny jade pigs, minute dolls, silver acorns and other propitiators of luck which time and experience have tested. Next door to the jeweller's was a studio supporting the arts, with local pottery shaped as etiolated blue cats and yellow puppies; and there one could get picture postcards of the London favourites in revue, and some 'water-colour paintings of the local coast which an advertisement affirmed were real.

That was not all. The place for readers of the *ATHENÆUM* was opposite—the one bookshop of the town. Its famous bay front and old diamond panes frankly presented the bright day with ladies' handbags, ludo and other games, fountain pens, mounted texts from Ella Wilcox, local guide-books and apparently a complete series—as much as the length of the window would hold, at least—of Mr. Garvice's works; and in one corner a number of prayer books in a variety of bindings.

Down on the quay, sitting on a bollard, with one leg stretched stiffly before him, was a young native we had not met since one day on the Menin Road. We had known him before that strange occasion, long before the war, as an ardent student of letters. He had entered a profession in which sound learning is an essential, though the reward is slight, just when the war began. Then he believed, in high seriousness, as a young and enthusiastic student would, all he was told in that August; and his professional career is now over.

He pointed out to me, mildly and with a little reproach, that I was wrong in supposing Torhaven had not changed. I learned that the war had made a great change there. Motor-cars were now as commonly owned as bicycles used to be, though he admitted that it did not seem that the queue waiting to buy books, our sort of books, was in need of control by the police. But farmers who had been tenants, when Germany violated the independence of Belgium, were now freeholders. Men who were in essential industries, and so could not be spared for the guns, were now shipowners. We could see for ourselves how free and encouraging was the new wealth in this new world; true, the size of his pension did not fairly reflect the new and more liberal ideals of a better world, but we must admit he had no need to travel to Bond Street to spend it. What fear is there, he asked, pointing with his crutch up the busy High Street behind us, that what our young friends in France learned was wrong with that old European society out of which came the war, will not be known and registered there? Have you seen, he said, our bookshop, our cinema, and the new memorial porch of our church?

Near us was waiting a resplendent motor-car, in which reposed a young lady whose face decorates the covers of the popular magazines every month; and, as the young soldier finished speaking, it moved away with a raucous hoot.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

On Thursday, the 15th inst., Dr. R. R. Terry, the organist of Westminster Cathedral, will begin at the Royal Institution a course of three lectures with musical illustrations on "Renaissance Music in Italy and England," and on Saturday, the 17th, Mr. Alfred Noyes lectures on "The Anglo-American Bond of Literature." On the 24th he will treat of "Aspects of Modern Poetry."



## REVIEWS

### SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY POETRY

A TREASURY OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY VERSE FROM THE DEATH OF SHAKESPEARE TO THE RESTORATION (1616-60). Chosen and edited by H. J. Massingham. Golden Treasury Series. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

ABOUT a hundred years ago, or at a time to which only the memory of hoary fossils runneth, there used to be current one of those curious catchwords which arise among schoolboys and undergraduates, exist for a time, and pass, no man knows how or why. It was "Make no error." Mr. Massingham has made no error either in choosing the subject of his anthology, or in executing it, one little reservation under the latter head having to be made presently. There is perhaps no century in English poetry at which it is so tempting to "cut and come again"—its extraordinary richness, in which only the nineteenth can vie with it, being accompanied by certain other qualities very convenient to the anthologist. There is the striking contrast between its earlier harvest and its after-crop; the strong and yet not monotonous characteristics of its greatest flourishing; and, last but not least, one other peculiarity. No time is quite barren of those curious objects of the Muse's caprice whom she enables to do one or two charming things and then cruelly turns her back on them. But in the best period of the seventeenth century you can hardly neglect the smallest poetaster without the danger of missing, often detached passages, sometimes whole pieces of "absolute and earth-born" poetry—poetry such as you may at other times search libraries of quite respectable verse-writers without finding. And what is more, its poetry is as extraordinarily varied in kind: lyric, narrative and dramatic; sacred and profane; melancholy and playful; virtuous and naughty, with not a few other "excellent differences." It is thus a province made to the anthologist's hand; and any first lion who has tried it and "thinks the next a bore" must be not a lion at all, but a cur or at least a curmudgeon.

Mr. Massingham has marked out as his claim the most characteristic part of the century in time, and has not excluded any kind except the dramatic. Most of his selections are naturally lyrical, but by no means all; and he has thus been able to find room for at least specimen fruits from the half-wilderness gardens of "Pharonnida" and "Cupid and Psyche." He has also cast his gathering net unusually wide, and his readers will make acquaintance with authors who will pretty certainly be new to them, such as Thomas Fettiplace and Robert Gomersal. (By the way, he has had more mercy on Gomersal than the present writer, who had thought of including the author of "The Levite's Revenge" in "Caroline Poets," and felt constrained to turn him out.) In giving uniform modern spelling throughout Mr. Massingham may invite censure from some purists, but certainly not in this place. Whatever may be the case earlier, the printers' spelling of the mid-seventeenth century is, as he justly says, "only externally archaic." Half its differences from present use are not uniform and are evidently haphazard.

One may not perhaps approve quite so heartily his practice of excluding some beautiful things as "too well known." In the first place, the fact is very doubtful. He may fitly leave out Milton and Herrick; but is he quite sure that Drummond is "pretty well," and the sudden blaze at the end of Crashaw's "Teresa" "universally" known among readers of poetry? Has either ever been so well known as Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding," which duly appears?

However, on this point one would not be too positive: there can hardly be a sounder maxim of criticism than that the critic should attend to what is in a book, and not to what is not. An exception to even this maxim may still be found, and it is the only matter on which we feel inclined to quarrel (in the least quarrelsome fashion in the world) with Mr. Massingham. He has followed the fashion of printing his extracts with omissions always confessed in the notes, but not always indicated in the text. This is surely wrong. It is done *pudoris causa* there is not much to be said for it, as it would be better to leave out the whole piece from the ultra-moral point of view, while from any other there is no need to leave out anything at all. But when passages are left out because they are thought unequal, or otiose, or too well known already, etc., etc., a rather serious æsthetic liberty is taken, a work of art being presented not as the artist wrought it. It might have been better if Crashaw had not written "Portable and compendious oceans." But as he did the fact should not be hidden from the everyday reader.

However, we may let that pass and take the goods with which Mr. Massingham has provided us. They are very good goods; and the sauce of notes which he has served with them is not, as such things too often are, unworthy of them. One may not always agree with him—it would be rather dull if one did; but one hardly ever disables his judgment, merely noting a difference of opinion when he belittles cheerful Mr. Patrick Cary and glorious Montrose, or when he allows Vaughan's admittedly magnificent exceptions to carry off, too triumphantly, his less inspiring rule, and lets Wither's early freshness compound for his dreadful dotages. One never need cavil at too generous admiration unless it is sillily expressed, which is not the case here. The authors are alphabetically arranged, and so one has the unexpected pleasure of starting with good Philip Ayres's "Beggar" and its charming second line,

She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair;

of following it up soon with some of the pretty little things which Joseph Beaumont managed somehow to devise as a contrast to that "Psyche" of his who was certainly *not* the mother of Voluptas; and to rejoice once more in those remarkable verses which open "The Anatomy of Melancholy." So it goes on through the whole range to Wither and Wotton. They in their turn give place to the great "Mr. Anon," who puts his best foot forward with "Phillada," and keeps things up for full fifty pages. Here one meets with the only surprise of the book—that Mr. Massingham includes among the *adespota* "Tell me no more how fair she is." Now the present writer (from whose hand a completer edition of Bishop King's poems than has ever appeared has been long waiting for publication in the third volume of the above-named "Caroline Poets") knows absolutely no external evidence against the bishop's authorship. And while internal evidence is notoriously always more untrustworthy on the negative than on the affirmative side, it is never so much to be distrusted as in regard to the seventeenth century, when almost anybody might have written almost anything. Probably Mr. Massingham has given too much weight to the non-appearance of the piece in Hannah's volume. But that book, admirable as far as it goes, is avowedly incomplete.

To end with a still more personal note, perhaps allowable in a signed review, I have to thank Mr. Massingham for a certain correction of a misreading ("less" for "life") in my edition of Godolphin—the only attempt I ever made to edit from a photographed manuscript with a pair of very weak eyes and little palæographic experience—whence came deserved tribulation. He may like to know 'wo



clearly accidental misprints in his own work: "gnorum" for "quorum" in a note on Benlowes (p. 320) and "Staffordshire" for "Shaftsbury" in one on Chamberlayne at p. 326. At least I know nothing of a Staffordshire connection for this poet, while his title-page has "Shaftsbury in the county of Dorset" (*sic*), and he certainly practised, died, and was buried there. But these things will happen, and we are all guilty of them or troubled with them. My blunder was less excusable; for there was a rhyme to guide me.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## WITHOUT TEARS

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. By H. E. Marshall. With Pictures in Colour by A. C. Michael. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.) PIONEERS IN INDIA. By Sir Harry Johnston. With Coloured Frontispiece by E. Wallcousins, and a few Black-and-White Illustrations. (Blackie. 3s. 6d. net.)

**H**ISTORIOGRAPHY (is there not a Historiographer Royal of Scotland or some other intellectual dependency, and who are we to challenge the validity of Greco-Roman derivatives that have received the Royal Assent?)—historiography—it really takes a parenthesis or two to bring out the full value of a word like that—is looking up in these days. The male population of Europe and North America has only recently returned from making history. Mr. H. G. Wells (with him, a galaxy of scientific and scholarly talent) is busily engaged in writing history. And the only missing detail in the whole gratifying picture of historical activity is that there is not the slightest evidence that anybody is reading history.

It is unfortunate, because history is the only subject that is worth reading, and the present, if only one can sufficiently gild the pill, is the time to make them read it. But it is not the least good suspending seven volumes of "The Decline and Fall" from the creaking branch of one's Christmas tree, or hiding Buckle's "History of Civilization" among the candles and glass balls, because the Little Fingers will not stray in their direction if there is a model Zeppelin or a book by L. T. Meade to beguile them on their way there. One must go about the business with subtlety. Introducing history to the young is like teaching a Foreign Secretary geography: one has to pretend that it is really something else, and convey the instruction whilst they are busy looking the other way. Mr. Marshall's method, which he has already applied with some success to the cases of England, Scotland, and the British Empire, is to advance with cat-like tread behind a smoke barrage of highly decorative illustrations and to pour in a deadly fire of information whilst his unwary young reader is enjoying the pictures. He was inspired to produce his "History of France" by the complaint of a small boy that "we can't find anything nice about France." The young man was right. There is a distressing contrast between the stream of adulation that poured from war-time platforms and the soured insularity of French history as taught in English schools by persons who were apparently embittered in extreme youth by the passions of the Hundred Years' War, and a plain presentation of the facts may go far to counteract both sets of misconceptions. It is a little too late in the European day for us to continue to represent the French record as an alternation between Brutal Excesses and Goings On.

Mr. Marshall's method is a combination of the pictorial with the anecdotic which is quite adequate for the purpose of his book. The French story is told with an abundance of colour and incident that should make it more interesting to the young than any page in history—even the Handley Page. The break-up of the Roman Empire and the rise of the yellow-haired kingdoms is really more entertaining

than "The Doom of the U 14" or "With Pershing to Coblenz." But one cannot help feeling that Mr. Marshall missed a valuable pictorial touch in his story of Attila (how topical history is always becoming without knowing it!) when he omitted to tell his reader that the Huns who cantered horribly across Europe were a sort of Chinamen on horseback. The bulk of his volume contains that excellent type of mediæval anecdote which generally stimulates the young to say, "Not so, sir king," at irrelevant moments in their more serious occupations. But he manages to retain his lucidity through the bewildering and attractive by-ways of the French Revolution, and he shows great discernment in exploiting the dramatic and pictorial value of French history in the early nineteenth century. The average summarist tends to lay down his pen after he has successfully transported the Emperor to St. Helena, and to mention in a perfunctory way that 'France, after many political vicissitudes, decided to have no more kings, and became the gallant ally of the British and Russian monarchies.' But Mr. Marshall has made full use of the shifting scenes across which Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. passed with their gestures of royalty, and the donors of his book will find much in his later chapters that they scarce knew themselves. The illustrations by (Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.) A. C. Michael are extremely, as they say, adequate. His Napoleon is a proper tribute to the master of all pictorial Bonapartists, Meissonier, and his mediæval scenes squeeze the full value out of costumes coloured with pre-aniline dyes without deteriorating into that orgy of flat colour which is so distressing on the walls of the Palace of Westminster. The best of them is really the conversation between Bismarck and Napoleon III. outside that little square house beyond Sedan on the Bellevue road; but one doubts, in view of his appearance at the Congress of Berlin eight years later, whether the cares of victory had so far aged the Chancellor in 1870.

One approaches with still greater confidence Sir Harry Johnston's early history of India. Nothing is more offensive than the belief that the history of India began when the East India Company disputed with France for some trading stations in the middle eighteenth century. No man seems better qualified than Sir Harry Johnston to dispel historical illusions about the British Empire. On the imperial side he is himself an empire-builder whom we shall only get into his true perspective when we are no longer there to see him; and on the side of history, is he not one of that chosen band of *cicerone* whom Mr. H. G. Wells has selected to pilot him round the solar system and across the sands of time? His early history of the East is really incredibly interesting, far too interesting to summarize, or, one may add, to issue in this unpretentious form. His scholarship in such matters is unimpeachable, and if the chapters of his book had been delivered as the (Winwood) Reade Lectures and reprinted by the Wigan University Press, they would have been received with subdued academical cheers. And the British Academy would have taken notice of them. And nobody would have read them. But they would undoubtedly have received the solemn historical reviewing which undeniably they deserve.

As it is, one can only express profound gratitude for the unobtrusive issue of a brilliant and original piece of history. It is indisputably fit for the purpose for which its author appears to have designed it. It tells one in simple terms all about the pre-history of the British East, and it summarizes in two closing chapters the English record itself. But above and beyond that it may be recommended to uncles as a book to be looked into before it is presented to the descendants of their collaterals. And one very much doubts whether they will ever pass it on.

P. G.

## AGAMEMNON IN PLAIN CLOTHES

THE "AGAMEMNON" OF ÆSCHYLUS, Translated by R. K. Davis.  
(Oxford, Blackwell. 4s. 6d. net.)

**T**WENTY years ago the Master of Dulwich College read the "Agamemnon" with his Sixth Form. I suppose he often did so. A Greek play read with the Master was not like a Greek play read with anybody else. For once we were less concerned with our own anxieties about the construe and the grammatical tip from Mr. Sidgwick's indispensable, inaccurate notes than with the fascination of an introduction to great literature. We sat in affectionate terror—*σέβας* the Greeks would have called it, certainly not *φόβος*—and the Master, before a word of Æschylus had been construed, raised his forefinger, smiled, stammered a little, and then, very quietly, very seriously—in a voice that thrilled us partly because it was so simple and sincere, partly no doubt because it came with so strange a modesty and gentleness from that tall, imposing figure in its Oxford gown and somewhat clumsily cut coat and trousers—he said: "What! Kill a King?" That is how he made us realize that the drama we were about to read was neither an exercise in syntax nor an essay in a half-Hellenic, half-Hebraic moral philosophy, but an extract from real life, tremendously exciting and worth while. He made us feel that the killing of King Agamemnon by his own wife in the moment of his triumph somehow mattered. He made us feel—or rather he let Æschylus make us feel—that Clytemnestra was extraordinarily beautiful and strong and hateful; that Ægisthus was contemptible, Cassandra not only pitiful, but lovely and lovable; and Agamemnon himself, in spite of his magnificence of gesture and achievement, rotten at heart. He did not teach us, for he did not profess to understand, the principles of the Æschylean lyric, the careful ingenuity by which the details of the poem are elaborated, balanced and combined, like musical *motifs*, for the purpose of the grand dramatic movement of the whole. Indeed, until Walter Headlam had delivered his Cambridge "Prælection," the best of the modern interpreters of Æschylus conceived him not as a deliberate and skilful artist, but rather as a meteoric genius, now brilliant, now obscure, like some Pindaric giant, hurling from the depths of a turbulent imagination huge masses of crude rock and molten metal, magnificent but formless, creating in great moments an unparalleled sublimity of tragic thought and of dramatic diction, but as a rule exuberant, undisciplined, chaotic. Headlam revealed the true relation of the details to the whole. The rhetoric, the imagery, the moralizing, are not mere ornaments, but are essential elements of one great pattern, of an ordered composition constructed like a symphony out of many strands of music, of a drama which (because the details are precisely what they are, and are arranged precisely as they are) represents and illuminates the love and hate, the joy and suffering, the failure and achievement, the tragic littleness and greatness, not simply of an Agamemnon and a Clytemnestra, but of our own humanity.

But the treasure to which Headlam gave us the key is not to be enjoyed without some trouble. Headlam's own version, although, if you will work at it, it will explain the text of Æschylus as no other modern commentary can, is in itself, considered as an English dramatic poem, a failure. It is a noble failure, but for schoolboys, and for many other English readers, it is too difficult. For such readers the Headmaster of Woodbridge School, who knows about the needs of schoolboys, has provided in his version a safe and unadventurous, but not unpleasant introduction to the study of the "Agamemnon." His aim is to convey first "something of the philosophy and the religion," and secondly "something of the dramatic movement" of the poem. The order is significant, and, I think,

unfortunate; but at any rate the modesty of the translator's design enables us to admit—as we admit with pleasure—that on the whole he has succeeded in his enterprise. The boys of Woodbridge School are fortunate in their Headmaster, and we believe that many older persons will be glad to win their first impression of the religious gravity and the dramatic power of Æschylus from a scholar so amiable, so modest, and so tasteful as Mr. Davis. The bare formula of the Æschylean view of life can perhaps more easily be gathered by the uninitiated from the simple lyrics into which he has transmuted the great choral odes than from the more elaborate schemes which Headlam used for illustration of the intricacies of the original. It is in the lyrics that the modern reader most needs help, and it is fortunately here that Mr. Davis has most nearly achieved success. For example:

The dear live forms of those they sped,  
They know them well: and in their stead  
Unto the house of each one nought  
Save ashes and the urn is brought.  
For Ares, trafficker in death,  
Who holds his scales 'mid fields of strife,  
All charred from Ilion bartereth  
Ashes for flesh, and dust for life:  
With brief and bitter freight doth fill  
Each slender urn, that men may tell  
How *this* was wise in warrior skill,  
How *this* in battle nobly fell—  
"All for another's lady light!"  
Though hushed the murmurs, all may hear,  
And stifled wrath and hate requite  
The lords that bought revenge so dear,  
And some that lie in Trojan mould  
About the ramparts where they fell,  
Far hence, in fadeless beauty hold  
O'er foemen's earth their sentinel.

We quote this passage because it illustrates the merits of Mr. Davis' simple method, and also because it shows that he has made good use of Headlam's scholarship. When we turn to his blank verse we are less satisfied. It is often dull and undistinguished, and although, as its author claims, it has at least the merit of lucidity, we venture to think that in a translator of Æschylus lucidity is a poor substitute for fire, imagination, beauty and variety and life.

J. T. SHEPPARD.

## OLD-FASHIONED WIDOW'S SONG

She handed me a gay bouquet  
Of roses pulled in the rain,  
Delicate beauties frail and cold—  
Could roses heal my pain?

She smiled: "Ah, c'est un triste temps!"  
I laughed and answered "Yes,"  
Pressing the roses in my palms.  
How could the roses guess?

She sang, "Madame est seule?" Her eye  
Snapped like a rain-washed berry.  
How could the solemn roses tell  
Which of us was more merry?

She turned to go: she stopped to chat;  
"Adieu," at last she cried.  
"Mille mercis pour ces jolies fleurs!" . . .  
At that the roses died.

The petals drooped, the petals fell,  
The leaves hung crisped and curled.  
And I stood holding my dead bouquet  
In a dead world.

ELIZABETH STANLEY.

## THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS

IMMEDIATE EXPERIENCE AND MEDIATION: AN INAUGURAL LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 20 NOVEMBER, 1919. By Harold H. Joachim, Wykeham Professor of Logic. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR JOACHIM, who has succeeded Cook Wilson as Professor of Logic at Oxford, is chiefly known to the philosophical public in this country through his work on Spinoza and his book on the nature of truth. His writing is characterized always by modesty and candour: it is unshakable, that arises, not from self-confidence, but from reverence for the great men who have preceded him in holding the same opinions. The truth in philosophy, he apparently believes, is known: it is adumbrated in Plato, contained with some admixture of obscurity and error in Aristotle, and finally revealed to the world in the pages of Hegel. It is, therefore, not the business of a philosopher to seek new truth; his business is, rather, to defend our heritage against the attacks of erring innovators. Accordingly he disclaims, in his inaugural lecture, any novelty of method or result. "Nor is there," he tells us, "anything original in what I have to say. It is old, and perhaps for that reason apt to be forgotten and worth reviving."

The question chosen by Professor Joachim is the question in what sense, if any, our knowledge can be divided into two parts, one consisting of premises known by their immediate evidence, the other consisting of conclusions drawn from these premises according to the rules of logical inference. He quotes Aristotle and Descartes in support of this opinion, and then proceeds to give his own grounds for rejecting it, especially in the case of mathematical axioms and the so-called "laws of thought." He accuses Aristotle of inconsistency in maintaining that there must be immediate premises in the texture of knowledge and at the same time holding the views which he advocates as to the relation of premises to conclusion:

For if, as he steadily insists, the demonstrated conclusion is the fulfilment of its premises; if it is *their* realization, in which alone they attain their full significance: they cannot be self-contained, self-evident truths in their isolation.

He goes on to say that the process of mediation "is the unfolding of a germ—a natural development or growth; and there is, so to say, nothing in it which comes out at the end as it went in at the beginning." This depends upon the view which he shares with all Hegelians, that relations modify their terms, so that a proposition after it has been proved by its relation to certain premises is not the same proposition as it was when we first began to seek a proof of it. Similarly if you go to see a friend you cannot hope to find him, since your seeing him will change him. This is a useful doctrine, by the help of which much can be proved.

It is curious that Professor Joachim nevertheless admits, as a matter of practice, that there are fundamental principles, both in logic and in the special sciences, in a sense which has been abandoned both by students of modern logic and by men of science:

Doubtless nothing could be intelligible, and there would be no sane reasoning, unless there were certain *conditiones sine quibus non* of Being and of Truth to which any and every fact and connexion of facts, and any and every reasoning, are bound to conform.

Doubtless, also, for each special science or body of knowledge there are certain more special and concrete conditions—*conditiones sine quibus non* of the intelligible, quasi-individual, wholes of Space, of Number, of Life, of Political Society.

He proceeds to a somewhat unfortunate instance:

Nevertheless, the evidence for such an axiom as that "two straight lines cannot enclose a space" is clearly overwhelming. Deny it—even doubt it—and the whole of plane geometry comes tumbling about your ears; and who shall say where the wreckage will stop, or what department of our knowledge would survive?

It is probable that (with the exception of Lhasa) there is no other university in the world where these words could have been written by a Professor of Logic. It has been known for over 60 years that the axiom in question is in no way necessary to plane geometry, and that without it self-consistent systems can be constructed which there is no reason, either empirical or *a priori*, to suppose false. On this all competent authorities have long been agreed; they have only been divided on the question whether the axiom is a mere convention or an empirical generalization known to have a certain approximate truth. The former view has increasingly prevailed; and Einstein's theory of gravitation has given some ground for supposing that Euclid's is not even the most convenient convention. Of all this, however, there is no hint in Aristotle or Hegel; therefore Oxford cannot take cognizance of it.

What applies to Euclid's axioms applies with equal force to other general scientific principles. Not one of them is essential to the existence of the science to which it applies. Not one of them has as much certainty as its applications. The evidence for a general scientific principle, such as it is, is always derived from the special cases in which it is found to hold. From these it is in error by induction, a process for which, so far, no logical justification has been forthcoming. As for logic and the so-called "Laws of Thought," they are concerned with symbols; they give different ways of saying the same thing. It is for this reason that the truth of logical propositions can be known without studying the things to which they apply. The proposition "If Socrates is a man, then Socrates est un homme," can be known without studying Socrates, by merely knowing the English and French languages. In logical propositions it is the syntax, not the vocabulary, that is translated, but it remains the case that only an understanding of language is necessary in order to know a proposition of logic.

Logic has made, during the last 60 years, greater advances than in the whole previous history of mankind. These advances have all been made by men whose training was predominantly scientific or mathematical, and have been opposed or ignored by orthodox philosophers. Three different directions may be mentioned in which work of fundamental importance has been done. (1) The mathematical logicians have revolutionized the technical formulation and procedure of logic, producing an instrument as much more powerful than the syllogism as an Atlantic liner is more powerful than a rowing boat. (2) The physicists, by destroying the common-sense conceptions of space, time and matter, have made visible the dependence of traditional philosophy upon many indefensible common-sense prejudices. (3) The psychologists, who derive their inspiration from biology and physiology, have thrown a flood of light upon the conception of meaning, which has hitherto been treated by philosophers in connexion with irrelevant ethical and quasi-theological conceptions. An understanding of these three kinds of modern work is indispensable to the student of logic. But official academic philosophy, now as at the time of the Renaissance, is engaged in the endeavour to keep alive an antiquated technique, and to ignore the new knowledge which is rendering old problems trivial. Philosophy is associated traditionally with two studies with which it has no essential affinity, namely, theology and Greek. If it is to become vital in our universities, it must come to be associated instead with science. But it would be almost as difficult to effect such a change as to carry through the Social Revolution.

B. R.

A SERIES of public lectures on "The Life of the Ancient Greeks and Romans" will be given at University College, Gower Street, every Friday, at 5.30 p.m., beginning on January 16.



## EARLY SEMITIC MIGRATIONS

THE EMPIRE OF THE AMORITES. By A. T. Clay. Yale Oriental Series, Researches, Vol. VI. (Yale University Press. 10s. 6d. net.)

WITH every sympathy towards research in new paths, an innate conservatism on this side of the Atlantic predisposes Englishmen against iconoclastic theories until they are well attested. Professor Clay sets forth in his preface his purpose of offering additional evidence to his previous thesis "Amurru," of showing "that Ur of the Chaldees was very probably the capital of the Amorite Empire," and of demonstrating "that the generally accepted theory of the Arabian origin of the Semites is utterly baseless." When, however, on p. 30 he says that it is not his purpose

to discuss or attempt to decide between contending scientists concerning the ultimate origin and gradual formation of the Semitic race, its separation from the so-called Hamito-Semitic race, the millenniums required to develop the striking racial difference, the conditions under which Semitic characteristics developed, and all other anthropological inquiries concerning the origin of Semitic society,

how is the perplexed reader to understand him? To the present writer the two purposes are at variance: you cannot demonstrate that the Arabian origin is baseless, if you are not prepared to discuss all theories of the origin of the Semites. Any consideration of the migrations of primeval and early Semites demands a wide range of reading, and unless a scholar proposes to consider the problem from all points of view, his work must necessarily be one-sided. It is like playing a tune on the piano with one finger at a concert. When Professor Clay says that "the evidence of the early existence of the Amorites, as well as the proof of the futility of the Arabian theory, depends largely upon a study of names of countries, cities, temples, deities and persons," he closes his watertight compartments, and the conservative (but inquiring) mind wants to know captiously what other sciences say. He has, it is true, discussed to a certain extent some of the books which touch on these other subjects remote from those in which his own reputation was made, but has not, as it seems to us, a sufficiently close acquaintance with the original authorities for anthropology, ethnology, archaeology, or geography to carry out his investigations to full advantage. He admits the problems, but by his narrower thesis omits a proper and full discussion, for instance, of the evidence of pre-dynastic Egyptian connection with Arabia, such as the admirable work of Petrie, Reisner, and Elliot Smith demands; or the effect of Sergi's theory of a Mediterranean race; or of the invention of copper implements or the history of pottery; or of the question of the so-called Armenoid grafting on the Semitic stock which resulted apparently in the luxuriant beard of the Northern Semites.

These are but a few of the essentials of the complex of data which must be considered before any conclusion approximating to scientific demands can be reached; and we do not believe that a scholar can be satisfactorily equipped for the answer until he has seen something of the countries themselves.

The archaeology of the earliest inhabitants of the narrow tube of the Mesopotamian delta goes far to throw a glimmering of light on their early migrations. According to our present knowledge the earliest people there of whom we know the name were of the same stock as the Elamites who had originally migrated to the western border of Persia from Anau, east of the Caspian. These must have come down to the very south of Babylonia, between the Euphrates marshes and the Persian Gulf, from the Persian highlands as far west as they could stretch towards the north Arabian deserts. De Morgan assigns the date of their existence in Susa to about the fifth millennium

B.C., and the pottery discovered by the present writer in Southern Babylonia (Eridu and Ur) can hardly have been begun at a much later period. These Babylonian Elamites were ousted about the end of the fourth millennium by the Sumerians, an entirely different race, who can therefore hardly have migrated on the same line as the Elamites with whom they were constantly at war; nor do De Morgan's earlier researches in the Caucasus offer any trustworthy hope that their origin is to be found in that direction. King was of opinion, when he wrote his History of Sumer and Akkad, that they had come over from the Eastern side; but there seems to be some ground for the view that they were in occupation of Kalah Sherghat at an early date, and if so it is conceivable that they followed the Tigris down for some of its length having come in north of the Elamites. There are many possibilities.

Contemporary with these Sumerians in historic times we find a Semitic race occupying Northern Babylonia, and so effectually blocking the entrance to the south by the river routes that the Sumerians die out for lack of successive immigrants. Clearly these Semites cannot have entered the river valleys from the south, for the Elamites and the Sumerians must have been in sturdy occupation there. Also it would be expected that the southernmost remains would show Semitic traces, which is not the case. They must therefore have entered above the Sumerians by some west, north-west, or northern direction, certainly at least by the fourth millennium. If therefore we could find evidence of an original and early civilization in the district which Professor Clay labels Amurru (from the Mediterranean sea eastwards across the Euphrates about the latitude of Cyprus) we should be inclined to admit the possibilities of the theory that an empire of Amurru existed here even to the fifth millennium, as demanded by him. But there is no reason to believe in such an early empire or civilization in this part, in our view. Professor Clay himself admits that there is no evidence of any native Amorite script, and surely, when the Babylonians were using a writing far earlier than any other Semites, it is not too much to postulate that "the great empire of the Amorites" should display an equal civilization. To suggest, as Professor Clay does, that the Amorites had a script of their own, which has now been lost on account of its having been used on perishable material, merely weakens his case. Similarly, when he says that excavations have not been conducted as yet in the land of the Amorites except in Palestine, and "this is the least important part of the Empire of the Amorites," we are again not inclined to trust ourselves to evidence still underground, if any exists. Least of all do we like the equivalence of Amurru (=AWR) =Ur (of the Chaldees). Amurru may have been represented in late Aramaic dockets as AWR, but to maintain that the Hebrew Ur (written AWR) of the Chaldees has anything to do with it demands a tremendous battery of proof, and we are not satisfied that the author has produced it.

Leaving aside the question of the Amurru civilization and empire and its extreme age, however, we have to reckon certainly on some occupation by the Northern Semites in some such district as that in question, as has long been known. The linguistic and physical differences between the Northern and Southern Semites are so great that it is obvious that the parent stock divided a long time ago, but whether such a cleavage took place gradually and successively, or often, or suddenly, it is impossible to decide. The history of the migrations of Shammar and Anizah in the eighteenth century A.D. perhaps affords a parallel. That such early divisions could be considered in terms of civilization or empire is exceedingly problematical; the Semites are a receptive race and very quick



to adopt benefits from their neighbours, and it may well be that throughout their history from the very beginning we should seek parallels to the absorbed culture of both early Babylonians and the Caliphs of Baghdad.

Professor Clay's book thus gives the Orientalist much to consider, even from its somewhat limited view of the case. It shows a great amount of work by a scholar versed in cuneiform, especially the older script, but its subject must of necessity be dealt with almost entirely from scattered evidence in very many branches of learning. As, however, any estimate of this result can be but a personal opinion, we can only reiterate the opening sentence of this review.

R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON.

## THE UNDENIABLE SHIVER

SIX GHOST STORIES. By Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, R.A. (Murray. 6s. net.)

A THIN GHOST, AND OTHERS. By Montague Rhodes James. (Arnold. 4s. 6d. net.)

IN its higher branches, fiction—by which we mean ultimately both its writers and its readers—has become so self-conscious, especially within the last twenty years, that it is in danger of ceasing to be an art. The one good reason for writing a novel—that you have a story to tell—is overgrown and choked by irrelevant considerations. Sociology, psychology, economics, ethics—extremely interesting subjects when treated by experts—become extremely dull when treated by novelists in the pseudo-scientific manner. Taking the case of the “psychological” novel, one may trace its dreary proliferation largely to the fact that one or two writers of genius have been psychologically imaginative. But Meredith and Henry James did not write “psychological” novels; having an almost incredibly good story to tell, they tell it. That is the essence of their greatness, as it is the essence of the greatness of Dostoevsky, Balzac and Dickens.

All arts, perhaps, have their origin in a humbler level of production which one may term craftsmanship, as the flower appears in its necessary relation to root, stalk, branch and leaf. The stonemason prepares the way for the sculptor; Beethoven emerges from a background of singing peasants and whistling errand-boys. The craft of story-telling is still plied among us, and here we find the sap that fails to reach the upper branches still flowing vigorously, in fiction which does not quite touch the level of art, but is more closely related to it than is usually acknowledged. We may call it the literature of sensation, and assign the volumes before us to this class.

It seems reasonable to ask of a ghost story that it make us shiver; the tales contained in Sir T. G. Jackson's book do not achieve this end, even in so willing and easy a victim as the present reviewer. Ghosts, people and things, all are seen here out of the same neutral material. The author's aptitude to strike the wrong note is sufficiently illustrated by the motto on the title-page: *Dulce est desipere in loco*. This classical wink was not needed to assure us that the narrator does not take his fictions very seriously; he can expect no more of his readers.

The undeniable shiver these six ghost stories fail to give us is provoked by Dr. James's book, which is quite another pair of dead men's shoes. In the five stories of “A Thin Ghost, and Others,” Dr. James has used once more the kind of settings with which the “Ghost Stories of an Antiquary” familiarized us; and not less felicitously here than in the earlier collections. His sureness of touch in describing or suggesting his stage accessories has a preliminary effect upon the reader, most favourable to the production of the state of mind he wishes to bring about; The repairs in the Cathedral at Southminster, the auction-room in which Mr. Poynter's manuscript diary was sold, the ecclesiastical atmosphere of the residence at Whit-

minster, and the folk moving against these backgrounds, characterized just sufficiently in most cases for us to recognize them as types familiar in life or literature—these arrest our attention and good-will by their sturdy ordinariness. We are further lulled by the persuasive amenity of the author's style, and a point is soon reached where he has us completely at his mercy. And now, in some apparently harmless corner of this comfortable, easygoing world, something stirs a little, unaccountably; you may fancy that the wind has shifted a drapery or set a door swinging; it may be so. But surely a sense of uneasiness has befallen our stolid acquaintances? The jolly, plump cheek has blanched, the honest eye has acquired a furtive look, a tendency to glance sidelong—always in the same direction. Little by little all these matter-of-fact persons group themselves about the centre of discomfort, and become related to it in their degrees; their grouping—an admirable feature of Dr. James's artistic craft—is such as to hide the actual terror; but we measure its virulence and increase by their attitude. The climax is effected with varying skill; and without giving away anything essential we may quote what appears to us perhaps the most poignantly-worded crisis in the book. A gentleman of normal constitution and outlook became suddenly aware that what he had been carelessly stroking was not his brown spaniel; he had a glimpse of It, and “. . . as he bounded from his chair and rushed from the room he heard himself moaning with fear.”

That, in its context, gives us just the sensation we court when we open a book of ghost stories—the sensation which, at a certain degree of intensity, makes us wonder why we have been so foolish as to expose ourselves to it. Dr. James has supplied us with it more than once—never, we think, so acutely here as in a story to be found in one of the previous collections. It deals with something more shapeless than the thing momentarily mistaken for a brown spaniel; something characterized by a very ecstasy of shapelessness. We refer the reader to the story, which opens in the late afternoon on golf-links by the sea, if we remember rightly; we must trust to our memory for the name also: “Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.”

Shapelessness is, of course, a trump card with the purveyor of thrills; but it is not the only way of making the trick, and if we were to criticize Dr. James, we should say that he relies upon it too exclusively. We should like him to write a ghost story in which all the shapes were as plain as they are in E. T. A. Hoffmann's “Sandmann.” It is not for his reader, however, to make conditions, but humbly to hope that Dr. James will soon and frequently renew his visits to Number Seventy, Simmery Axe.

F. W. S.

## THE SUBURB STREET

This August day, how fair it is,  
The suburb street the villas edge  
With hollyhock and well-trimmed hedge,  
And porches set with clematis!

It has an air originant,  
A confidence of first and last:  
The sun and moon go duly past  
The curtained windows vigilant.

It seems that housemaids must have scrubbed  
The *zafre* vault without a veil,  
That no untidy cloud might sail  
Above the gardens neatly shrubbed.

And through such order one, alas!  
Must always be a passenger;  
No hand Bohemian may stir  
These knockers of resplendent brass.

GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH.

## PICTURES AND PORTRAITS

PERSONALITIES. Twenty-four drawings by Edmond X. Kapp. (Secker. 21s. net boards, 63s. net cl.)

THERE are two buildings on the same promontory of pavement, washed by the same incessant tide—the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery. In order to enter either it is only necessary to pass through a turnstile, and, on some days of the week, to part with a sixpenny bit. But always, on the paving stone at the doorway, it seems as if the pressure of humanity glued you to its side. As easily might a pilchard leap from the shoal and join the free sport of dolphins as a single individual ascend those steps and enter those doors. The current of the crowd, so swift and deep, the omnibuses swimming bravely on the surface, here a little string of soldiers caught in an eddy, there a hearse, next a pantech-nicon van, then the discreet coach of royalty, followed by a black cell upon wheels with a warder at the grating,—all this, floated along in a stream of sound at once continuous and broken up into a kind of rough music, makes it vain to think of pictures. They are too still, too silent.

It would never occur to anyone with a highly developed plastic sense to think of painting as the silent art. Yet that perhaps is at the root of the ordinary English repugnance to pictures. There they hang as if the passage of centuries had left them indifferent. In private stress or public disaster we can wring no message from them. What they see across the room I am not sure: perhaps some gondola in Venice hundreds of years ago. But let who can and will indulge his fancy thus; the little token, the penny bunch of violets brought in from the street, is silently rejected. Our loves, our desires, the moment's eagerness, the passing problem, receive no sort of sympathy or solution. Under the solemn stare we fade and dwindle and dissolve. Yet it cannot be denied that our resurrection, should it come to pass, is singularly august. We rise, purged and purified; deprived, it is true, of a tongue, but free from the impertinences and solicitations of that too animated and active member. The silence is hollow and vast as that of a cathedrall dome. After the first shock and chill those used to deal in words seek out the pictures with the least of language about them—canvases taciturn and congealed like emerald or aquamarine—landscapes hollowed from transparent stone, green hillsides, skies in which the clouds are eternally at rest. Let us wash the roofs of our eyes in colour; let us dive till the deep seas close above our heads. That these sensations are not æsthetic becomes evident soon enough, for, after a prolonged dumb gaze, the very paint on the canvas begins to distil itself into words—sluggish, slow-dropping words that would, if they could, stain the page with colour; not writers' words. But it is not here our business to define what sort of words they are; we are only concerned to prove our unfitness to review the caricatures of Mr. Kapp. His critics are all agreed that he combines the gifts of the artist with those of the caricaturist. We have nothing to say of the artist, but having the National Portrait Gallery in mind, perhaps it may not be presumptuous to approach him from that point of view.

It needs an effort, but scarcely a great one, to enter the National Portrait Gallery. Sometimes indeed an urgent desire to identify one among the dead sends us post haste to its portals. The case we have in mind is that of Mrs. John Stuart Mill. Never was there such a paragon among women. Noble, magnanimous, inspired, thinker, reformer, saint, she possessed every gift and every virtue. One thing alone she lacked, and that, no doubt, the National Portrait Gallery could supply. She had no face. But the National Portrait Gallery, interrogated, wished to be satisfied that the inquirer was dependent upon a soldier; pensions they provided, not

portraits; and thus set adrift in Trafalgar Square once more the student might reflect upon the paramount importance of faces. Without a face Mrs. John Stuart Mill was without a soul. Had her husband spared three lines of eulogy to describe her personal appearance we should hold her in memory. Without eyes or hair, cheeks or lips, her stupendous genius, her consummate virtue, availed her nothing. She is a mist, a wraith, a miasma of anonymous merit. The face is the thing. Therefore we turn eagerly, though we have paused too long about it, to see what faces Mr. Kapp provides for the twenty-three gentlemen and the one old lady whom he calls "Personalities."

There is very little of the anonymous about any of the twenty-four. There is scarcely a personality, from Mr. Bernard Shaw to Mrs. Grundy, whom we have not seen in the flesh. We turn the pages, therefore, to see not what their bodies look like, but whether Mr. Kapp can add anything to our estimate of their souls. We look, in particular, at the portraits of Lord Morley and of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Years ago Lord Morley shook the hand that writes these words. Whether he was Chief Secretary for Ireland or Prime Minister of England was a matter of complete indifference to a child; a child, presumably, was less than nothing whatever to him. But his manner—cordial, genial, quick as if stepping forward from a genuine impulse of friendliness—has never ceased to shed lustre upon every mention of his name. Where is the handshake in Mr. Kapp's portrait? The lean, smoke-dried pedant's face looks as if scored upon paper by a pen clogged and corroded, as pens are in advertisements, with old ink. It may be so; to Mr. Kapp it must be so; the handshake, perhaps, could only be rendered by a wash of sepia, which would have spoiled the picture as a work of art. Then there is Mr. Bernard Shaw. Gazing from the gallery of some dismal gas-lit hall, one has seen him, often enough, alert, slight, erect, as if combating in his solitary person the forces of inertia and stupidity massed in a sea upon the floor. On a nearer glance, he appeared much of a knight-errant, candid, indeed innocent of aspect; a Don Quixote born in the Northern mists—shrewd, that is to say, rather than romantic. Mr. Kapp has the legendary version—the diabolic. Moustache and eyebrows are twisted into points. The fingers are contorted into stamping hooves. There is no hint of blue in the eye. But again one must remember the limitations of black and white. It is a question of design, texture, handwriting, the relation of this with that, of art in short, which we pass by with our eyes shut. When we know little or nothing about the subject, and thus have no human or literary susceptibilities to placate, the effect is far more satisfactory. That "The Politician" (Mr. Masterman) has the long body cut into segments and the round face marked with alarming black bars of the Oak Eggar caterpillar, we find it easy and illuminating to believe. There is something sinister about him; he swarms rapidly across roads; he smudges when crushed; he devours leaf after leaf. "The Bishop" (the Bishop of Norwich) is equally symbolical. He is emitting something sonorous through an oblong slit of a mouth; you can almost hear the heavy particle descending through the upper stories of the elongated countenance until it pops with a hollow click out of the orifice. The Duke of Devonshire for all the world resembles a seal sleek from the sea, his mouth pursed to a button signifying a desire for mackerel. But the mackerel he is offered is not fresh, and, tossing himself wearily backwards, he flops with a yawn into the depths. By what sleight of hand Mr. Kapp has conveyed the fact that the golden thread extracted by Sir Henry Wood from the sound of the Queen's Hall Orchestra is really a hair from his soup we do not know. The truth of the suggestion, however unpleasant, is

undeniable. But words, words! How inadequate you are! How weary one gets of you! How you will always be saying too much or too little! Oh to be silent! Oh to be a painter! Oh (in short) to be Mr. Kapp! V. W.

## A WORDSWORTH ANTHOLOGY

WORDSWORTH: AN ANTHOLOGY. Edited, with a Preface, by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. (R. Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d. net.)

**T**O regard Wordsworth critically, impersonally, is for some of us a rather difficult matter. With the disintegration of the solid orthodoxies Wordsworth became for many intelligent liberal-minded families the Bible of that sort of pantheism, that dim faith in the existence of a spiritual world, which filled, somewhat inadequately, the place of the older dogmas. Brought up as children in the Wordsworthian tradition, we were taught to believe that a Sunday walk among the hills was somehow equivalent to church-going; the First Lesson was to be read among the clouds, the Second in the primroses; the birds and the running waters sang hymns, and the whole blue landscape preached a sermon "of moral evil and of good." From this dim religious education we brought away a not very well-informed veneration for the name of Wordsworth, a dutiful conviction about the spirituality of Nature in general, and an extraordinary superstition about mountains in particular—a superstition that it took at least three seasons of Alpine Sports to dissipate entirely. Consequently, on reaching man's estate, when we actually came to read our Wordsworth, we found it extremely difficult to appraise his greatness, so many veils of preconceived ideas had to be pushed aside, so many inveterate deflections of vision allowed for. However, it became possible at last to look at Wordsworth as a detached phenomenon in the world of ideas and not as part of the family tradition of childhood.

Like many philosophers, and especially philosophers of a mystical tinge of thought, Wordsworth based his philosophy on his emotions. The conversion of emotions into intellectual terms is a process that has been repeated a thousand times in the history of the human mind. We feel a powerful emotion before a work of art, therefore it partakes of the divine, is a reconstruction of the Idea of which the natural object is a poor reflection. Love moves us deeply, therefore human love is a type of divine love. Nature in her various aspects inspires us with fear, joy, contentment, despair, therefore nature is a soul that expresses anger, sympathy, love and hatred. One could go on indefinitely multiplying examples of the way in which man objectifies the kingdoms of heaven and hell that are within him. The process is often a dangerous one. The mystic who feels within himself the stirrings of inenarrable emotions is not content with these emotions as they are in themselves. He feels it necessary to invent a whole cosmogony that will account for them. To him this philosophy will be true, in so far as it is an expression in intellectual terms of these emotions. But to those who do not know these emotions at first hand, it will be simply misleading. The mystical emotions have what may be termed a conduct value; they enable the man who feels them to live his life with a serenity and confidence unknown to other men. But the philosophical terms in which these emotions are expressed have not necessarily any truth value. This mystical philosophy will be valuable only in so far as it revives, in the minds of its students, those conduct-affecting emotions which originally gave it birth. Accepted at its intellectual face value, such a philosophy may not only have no worth; it may be actually harmful.

Into this beautifully printed volume Mr. Cobden-Sanderson has gathered together most of the passages

in Wordsworth's poetry which possess the power of reviving the emotions that inspired them. It is astonishing to find that they fill the best part of two hundred and fifty pages, and that there are still plenty of poems—"Peter Bell" for example—that one would like to see included. "The Prelude" and "Excursion" yield a rich tribute of what our ancestors would have called "beauties." There is that astonishing passage in which the poet describes how, as a boy, he rowed by moonlight across the lake:

And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat  
Went heaving through the water like a swan;  
When, from behind that craggy steep till then  
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,  
As if with voluntary power instinct,  
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,  
And growing still in stature the grim shape  
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,  
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own  
And measured motion, like a living thing,  
Strode after me.

There is the history of that other fearful moment when

I heard among the solitary hills  
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

And there are other passages telling of nature in less awful and menacing aspects, nature the giver of comfort and strong serenity. Reading these we are able in some measure to live for ourselves the emotions that were Wordsworth's. If we can feel his "shadowy exaltations," we have got all that Wordsworth can give us. There is no need to read the theology of his mysticism, the pantheistic explanation of his emotions. To Peter Bell a primrose by a river's brim was only a yellow primrose. Its beauty stirred in him no feeling. But one can be moved by the sight of the primrose without necessarily thinking, in the words of Mr. Cobden-Sanderson's preface, of "the infinite tenderness of the infinitely great, of the infinitely great which, from out the infinite and amid its own stupendous tasks, stoops to strew the path of man, the infinitely little, with sunshine and with flowers." This is the theology of our primrose emotion. But it is the emotion itself which is important, not the theology. The emotion has its own powerful conduct value, whereas the philosophy derived from it, suspiciously anthropocentric, possesses, we should imagine, only the smallest value as truth.

A. L. H.

**IRELAND THE OUTPOST.** By Grenville A. J. Cole. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)—We have become much accustomed of late to hearing disputed historical and political questions decided (to the satisfaction of the decider) by an appeal to the verdict of this or that science. The Middle Ages were wont to appeal to the theological verdict interpreted in a national sense. Thus the French chronicler would write of "Gesta Dei per Francos," "the doings of God—with the assistance of the French," and in our own day we have heard something of the same kind, though with a significant shifting of the emphasis: "Gesta Germaniæ per Deum," "the doings of Germany—with the assistance of God." But the modern appeal is more usually to one or other of the natural or political sciences, biology, anthropology, political economy or the like. The present writer calls in geology. And the Muse Geologia rises to the occasion and shows herself a good Unionist.

For, so far as this pamphlet is something more than an interesting and valuable statement of the geological structure of Ireland and an ingenious account of the influence of that structure on the course of Irish history, it is an attempt to suggest that the present political relation between Ireland and England is a necessary corollary of the geographical relation between Ireland and Europe. This is not a very convincing argument, since obviously it is not Ireland alone, but the British Isles that are the outpost of Europe, and, if geology is to determine political arrangements, those islands should be governed by a dominant European Power.



## DRAGONFLIES

BLINDMAN. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. net.)  
NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES. By Eleanor Mordaunt. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.)

INTERIM. By Dorothy Richardson. (Duckworth. 7s. net.)

WHO can tell, watching the dragonfly, at what point in its swift angular flight it will suddenly pause and hover, quivering over this or that? The strange little jerk—the quivering moment of suspension—we might almost fancy they were the signs of a minute inward shock of recognition felt by the dragonfly. "There is something here; something here for me. What is it?" it seems to say. And then, at the same instant, it is gone. Away it darts, glancing over the deep pool until another floating flower or golden bud or tangle of shadowy weed attracts it, and again it is still, curious, hovering over. . . .

But this behaviour, enchanting though it may be in the dragonfly, is scarcely adequate when adopted by the writer of fiction. Nevertheless, there are certain modern authors who do not appear to recognize its limitations. For them the whole art of writing consists in the power with which they are able to register that faint inward shock of recognition. Glancing through life they make the discovery that there are certain experiences which are, as it were, peculiarly theirs. There is a quality in the familiarity of these experiences or in their strangeness which evokes an immediate mysterious response—a desire for expression. But now, instead of going any further, instead of attempting to relate their "experiences" to life or to see them against any kind of background, these writers are, as we see them, content to remain in the air, hovering over, as if the thrilling moment were enough and more than enough. Indeed, far from desiring to explore it, it is as though they would guard the secret for themselves as well as for us, so that when they do dart away all is as untouched, as unbroken as before.

But what is the effect of this kind of writing upon the reader? How is he to judge the importance of one thing rather than another if each is to be seen in isolation? And is it not rather cold comfort to be offered a share in a secret on the express understanding that you do not ask what the secret is—more especially if you cherish the uncomfortable suspicion that the author is no wiser than you, that the author is in love with the secret and would not discover it if he could?

Miss Ethel Colburn Mayne is a case in point. In these short stories which she has published under the title of "Blindman" we have the impression that what she wishes to convey is not the event itself, but what happens immediately after. That is, one might say, her moment—when the party is over and the lights are turned down, but the room is still left just as it was with the chairs in little groups, with somebody's flowers left to wither, with a scrap of the paper on the floor that somebody has dropped. One might almost fancy that there still lingered in the air the vibration of voices and music—that the mirrors still held the shadows of shadows. To reconstruct what has happened without disturbing anything, without letting in any more light and, as far as possible, adding nothing—that would seem to be the author's desire. But she is so fearful lest the atmosphere of her story be broken by a harsh word or a loud footfall that she is ever on the point of pulling down another blind, silently locking another door, holding up a warning finger and tip-toeing away until the reader feels himself positively bewildered. His bewilderment is not decreased by the queer sensation that he shares it with the author and that she would not have it less. "There is something here—something strange. . . . But does she ever get any nearer to the strange thing than that? We feel that she is so content with the strangeness, with the fascination of just hinting, just suggesting, that she loses sight of all else.

Mrs. Eleanor Mordaunt's latest book, "Old Wine in New Bottles," is a collection of short stories likewise. But never, never could she be accused of dropping the bone to grasp the shadow. This is a book without a shadow, without—for all its obese Chinamen, foul opium dens, prostitutes, negroes, criminals, squalid cafés, murders at sea and lecherous Prussian officers—a hint of strangeness. It would be interesting to know Mrs. Eleanor Mordaunt's opinion of these stories. Are they merely the expression of her contempt for the public taste? We cannot think so. She has catered for it too lavishly, too cunningly—she has even set new dishes before it with unfamiliar spices. But on the other hand she can hardly agree with the publishers' announcement that these pretentious, preposterous stories are "vibrant with the common passions of humanity." Let us examine one which is typical of them all. It is called "Peepers All." Rhoda Keyes is a girl in a jam factory. She is beautiful "with her yellow hair . . . the creamy pillow of her neck, the full curve of her breast in the flimsy blouse, the shapely hips beneath the tight sheath skirt." She lives with her man, who is a sailor, in a first-floor room opposite a Chinaman's shop. Every afternoon at five o'clock she comes home, strips to the waist, carefully washes herself, and then changes her clothes before going off for a lark in the street with her pals. Now it happens that the filthy, fat old Chinaman can see into her bedroom, so every afternoon he sits looking through the blind. "More than once he put out the tip of his tongue and licked his lips; the hands lying on his fat knees opened and shut." He is not the only spectator. Unknown to him, his two friends, Fleischmann, a German Jew, in the White Slave Traffic, and Ramdor, a Eurasian, share the exhibition, and all three of them determine to seduce the innocent, careless, heedless Rhoda. They are repulsed, and in their anger confide in each other and arrange that she shall be lured to the Chinaman's room and discovered there by her husband. But at the last moment her place is taken by a poor cripple, wearing her hat and coat, who receives the blow meant for Rhoda, and dies murmuring: "Greater love—eh, dearie me, 'ow does it go, I've lost a bit—but summut—summut o' this sort—ter lay down 'is life fur—fur 'is pal."

We protest that such a story, such a mixture of vulgarity, absurdity and ugliness, is an insult to any public that can spell its letters.

"Interim," which is the latest slice from the life of Miriam Henderson, might almost be described as a nest of short stories. There is Miriam Henderson, the box which holds them all, and really it seems there is no end to the number of smaller boxes that Miss Richardson can make her contain. But "Interim" is a very little one indeed. In it Miriam is enclosed in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, and though she receives, as usual, shock after shock of inward recognition, they are produced by such things as well-browned mutton, gas jets, varnished wallpapers. Darting through life, quivering, hovering, exulting in the familiarity and the strangeness of all that comes within her tiny circle, she leaves us feeling, as before, that everything being of equal importance to her, it is impossible that everything should not be of equal unimportance.

K. M.

THE University of Nancy, untouched until the Armistice negotiations were actually in progress, was struck by an incendiary shell on October 31, 1918, and in the resulting conflagration 160,000 volumes were destroyed. A number of the leading British publishing houses have most generously given copies of their publications, thus contributing substantially towards the reconstitution of the British department of the Library. Anyone wishing to supplement these contributions should address the Universities Bureau, 50, Russell Square, W.C.1.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A MYSTIC

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC. By Francis Grierson. With an Introduction by John Drinkwater. (Lane. 5s. net.)

THE mystic has this advantage over the metaphysician or the moralist: he cannot be argued with. He sees. A myopic world is informed as to what he sees, and there the matter ends.

Take, for instance, a certain engraving of Blake's for Dante's "Inferno." The engraving represents four fiends with cruel faces torturing a soul in hell. Good! Four fiends with cruel faces torturing a soul in hell: the ordinary non-mystical person examines the engraving, muses vaguely, it may be, on mediæval theology, and passes on without an afterthought. Not so the mystic. Mr. Grierson writes:

The face of the chief devil, who is not actually engaged in the torture, but is an eager and interested spectator, might easily be taken for a portrait of the German Emperor. As suggested by W. F. Bourdillon, the familiar upturned moustachios must have puzzled Blake in his vision. He represented them as tusks growing from the corners of the mouth—it is to be noted that this fiend alone among the four has tusks.

As evidence of the quality of Mr. Grierson's mystical vision, this quotation might seem sufficient. But as it is irrelevant to the subject of this book, Abraham Lincoln, it may be as well to extract a passage to show how Lincoln himself is illumined by Mr. Grierson's mystical searchlight:

Everything is related to everything else. In 1858 a new party came into being headed by the prophet from the wilderness, who was as much a phenomenon in the human world as the comet of that year was in the starry heavens—an apparition first observed by the Florentine astronomer, Donati. . . . Its advent [Donati's comet] was as unexpected as was the advent of Lincoln . . . [here follows a description of the comet] . . . Such was the celestial apparition that ushered in the new party which was to support Abraham Lincoln and send him to the White House.

No wonder Mr. Grierson cries, "A mystical epoch is upon us": no wonder, too, that he is impatient with commonplace attempts to explain Lincoln's achievement:

It is futile [he writes] to continue to harp on Lincoln's political acumen, his knowledge of law, his understanding of the people, his judgment of individuals, his poverty, his disregard of the conventional, as causes of his greatness.

We would ask Mr. Grierson one question. Admitting that the appearance of Donati's comet and the appearance of Abraham Lincoln as the leader of a new party were directly related to each other, how does this admission assist us to a better understanding of Abraham Lincoln? No one disputes that Lincoln was a man of extraordinary genius. Had the moon revealed its hidden side on the day of Lincoln's birth, or, contrariwise, had Donati's comet postponed its arrival till the General Election of 1918, our feeling that Lincoln possessed extraordinary genius would be unaffected. No one wants to be convinced, astrologically or otherwise, that Lincoln was remarkable. It is his portrait, not his horoscope, that we desire.

Mr. Grierson, however, is not a portrait painter. One cannot be everything. Astrologer, mystic, and prophet, when he gets hold of a metaphor he may be relied upon to keep it unmixed—for example: "The war has crushed the juice out of the orange on the tree of pleasure, and nothing is left but the peel, over which materialism is slipping to its doom." H. K. L.

An important reorganization of architectural societies in Scotland has just been completed. The independent societies which previously existed have united to form the Institute of Scottish Architects, with five Chapters at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen and Inverness. The first President of the new body is Mr. William Kelly, A.R.S.A., of Aberdeen. The constitution and by-laws have been approved, and the new body has been admitted as an allied society under the provisions of the charter of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

## BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THE following books are among recent accessions to the Library of the British Museum:—Augustinus Datus, *eloquentiæ praecepta*, Phil. de Lavagnia, Milan, 1475.—Albertus de Eyb, *margarita poetica* [Stephanus Planck, Rome], 1480. A handsome folio printed in double columns, and the second earliest book recorded of the press of Planck, whose output otherwise consisted almost entirely of small thin quartos.—*Psalterium latinum*, Petrus Levet, Paris, 1488-9.—*Auctoritates Aristotelis*, Senecae, &c. [Ricardus Paffraet], Deventer, 1489.—Robertus Gaguinus, *de mundissima B.V.M. conceptione* [Petrus Levet], Paris, "M cccc nono" [i.e., 1489?]. With a second part, containing the commentary of Carolus Fernandus.—Alexander Grammaticus, *doctrinale cum glosa Monachi Lombardi*, Petrus Levet, Paris, 1490. Nothing seems to be known concerning the author of this gloss, several editions of which were printed in France in the fifteenth century. The present is the first copy of any of these to find its way into the Museum Library.—*Modus legendi in utroque iure*, Petrus Levet, Paris, 1490.—Boethius, *de consolatione philosophiae cum commento*, Jacobus de Breda, Deventer, 1491.—Jacobus Lupi Rebello, *tractatus qui dicitur fructus sacramenti poenitentiae*, Guido Mercatoris, Paris, "M. cccc. cxliij" [i.e., 1494].—Vergilius, *bucolica cum commento familiarissimo*, Henricus Quentell, Cologne, 1495.—Robertus Gaguinus, *de variis vitae humanae incommodis, ad signum capitis diui Dionysii* [for Durandus Gerlier, Paris, c. 1495].—Isidorus de Isolani, *de regum principumque omnium institutis*, Petrus Martyr et fratres de Mantegatis, Milan [c. 1500].—*Historia nueva del bienaventurado doctor san Hieronymo con el libro de su transito, &c.*, Georgius Coci, Saragossa, 1514. With two woodcuts.—*Summa confessorum vel Margarita confessorum*, Seville, 1526.—*Enchiridion seu manuale Fratrum Minorum*, Joannes Varela, Seville, 1535.—Antonio de Aranda, *verdadera informacion de la Tierra Santa*, Juan de Ayala, Toledo, 1537. With woodcuts.—Fernando Diaz de Valdepeñas, *Suma de notas copiosas*, J. de Medina, Toledo, 1543.—Juan Infante, *forma libellandi*, J. de Junta, Salamanca, 1543.—Thomas Phaer, *the regiment of life*, Edward Whitchurch, London, 1550.—John Venaeus, a notable oration in defence of the sacrament of the altar, pronounced before the University of Paris in 1537, translated by John Bullingham, John Cawood, London, 1554. The "John Venaeus" of the title-page has not been identified, and the real author is perhaps Bullingham himself.—Fernando de Texeda, *Texeda retextus*, or the Spanish monk his bill of divorce against the Church of Rome, T. S. for Robert Mylbourne, London, 1623.—A true Relation of a brave English stratagem practised lately upon a sea-town in Galizia, printed for Mercurius Britannicus [London], 1626.—Lucas Gracian *Dantisio*, Galateo Español, or the Spanish gallant, done into English by William Style, E. G. for William Lee, London, 1640.—James Hodder, *the pen-man's recreation*, or a copy-book newly published, engraven by Edward Cocker, John Overton, London, 1673.—William Congreve, *the double dealer*, Jacob Tonson, London, 1694, and the old batchelour, Peter Buck, London, 1693. The first edition in each case.

THE SUPREME ADVENTURE. By Mercedes MacAndrew. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)—It is not easy to see why people should want to rewrite the Gospels. They have been criticized as history, but they are above criticism as literature. Visionaries like Sister Katherine Emmerich, who have seen the Passion re-enacted in trances, have won the attention even of sceptical critics by the vividness of their impressions; and Mr. George Moore has claimed the licence of genius to produce a Fifth Gospel which captures the charm, but loses the majesty, of the original four. But it would have been more within the power of the author of "The Supreme Adventure" to write a commentary on the life of Christ than a new version of it. Her sincerity and enthusiasm would have found ample scope in that. When St. John says of Judas at the Last Supper, "He then, having received the sop, went out straightway; and it was night," nothing is really gained by adding "Night without, and night, black night, within the heart of that 'son of perdition,'" which is a sample of the author's way of writing.

## BOOK SALES

ON Tuesday, December 16, Messrs Sotheby sold exceedingly choice, rare and valuable books from the Britwell Court Library, the chief prices being: Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*, 1599; *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599; Sir J. Davies and C. Marlow, *Epigrammes*, n.d. (? 1598), in one volume, from the Lamoort Hall Library, £15.10; Much Adoe about Nothing, 1600, £2.200; King Richard III., 1594, £2,000 (this is the foundation play of Shakespeare's drama); *Comedies, Histories and Tragedies*, 1623, £2,300; the same, 1663/4, £2,400.

Caxton's *J. de Cessolis, The Game and Playe of the Chesse* n.d., c. 1483 £1,600. A. Chartier, *The Curial*, n.d., c. 1484, £2,980. Christine of Pisan, *The Morale Prouerbes*, n.d., c. 1478, £2,100. M. T. Cicero, *Tullye of Old Age*; De Amicia; *Declamacyon de Noblesse*, 1481, £1,800. The *Cordiale*, or the four last things, 1479, £1,900. Reynard the Foxe, n.d. (1481), £5,900. G. de Tignonville, *The Dictes or Sayengis of the Philosophes*, 1477, £2,900. G. de Roye, *Doctrinal of Sapience*, 1489, £1,400.

English literature: Dame Juliana Barnes or Berners, *Treatyse of Fysshynge*, n.d. (c. 1530), £1,700. 88 *Broads des and Ballads* from the Heber Collection, £6,400. R. Copland *The Hye Way to the Spytell hous*, n.d. (c. 1530), £1,280. The *Gospelles of Dystaves*, n.d., £1,880. R. Greene, *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1592, £1,200. S. Hawes, *Passie time of Pleasure*, 1517, £1,000. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, *Songes and Sonettes*, 1557, £2,400. *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1576, £1,700. Sir P. Sidney, *The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia*, 1590, £1,000. J. Skelton, . . . agaynste a comely Coystrowae; Balettys and dyties. A replycacion agaynst certayne Yong scolers, £1 780. E. Spenser, *The Shepherdes Calender*, 1579, £1,280; *Amoretti and Epithalamion*, 1595, £1,200.

The total of the sale was £110,356.

On Wednesday, December 17, and the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby held a sale of manuscripts and printed books, including the property of the late Mr. P. M. Pittar, the late Mr. James Howell, the Earl Waldegrave, and his Honour Judge Granger, the chief prices being: Burns, autograph MS. of his poem *The Bonnie Moor Hen*, £115. Byron, five autograph letters, £245. Handel, his holograph will with four codicils, £255. Seven rare Elizabethan tracts, formerly in the library of Gabriel Harvey, £168. Peele, G., *Merry Conceited Jests*, n.d. (c. 1620), £108. Shelley, autograph MS. of his defence of Laon and Cythna, December 11, 1817, £182. Swinburne, autograph MS. of his essay on George Chapman, £185. Whittinton, Robert, nine grammatical tracts, 1518-24, printed by John Scolar of Oxford and Wynkyn de Worde, £235. Martyn, P., *The Decades of the Newe Worlde*, 1555, £100. Chaucer, *Works*, Kelmscott Press edition, 1896, £136. Alken, H., *National Sports*, 1821, £150. A collection of the works of Bunyan in 47 lots, £525. Horæ, French, 15th-century MS., £345. Artec painted records, a native Mexican MS., 16th century, £270. Sabellicus, *de vestale Aquileia*, printed on vellum, n.d., by Antonius of Avignon, £150. Aurbach, Johannes de, *Summa de Sacramentis*, printed by G. Zainer at Augsburg, 1469, £185. Balbus, Joannes, *Catholicon*, printed at Mainz, 1460, £960: second edition, Strasburg, 1460, £330. Celsus, *De Medicina*, printed at Florence, 1478, £150. Gratianus, *Decretum*, Strasburg, 1471, £175. Missal, Spanish MS., 13th century, £190. Pliny, *Natural History*, printed at Rome by Sweynheym & Pannartz, 1470, £135.

The total of the sale was £14,275.

DR. M. R. JAMES in his "Wanderings and Homes of Manuscripts" (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d. net) has summarized for us the experience of a lifetime. One wonders how it will affect a person who has not succumbed to the fascination of working with the original manuscript: the present writer read it greedily from cover to cover, and sympathized with Dr. James: he was in the sale-room when St. Margaret's Gospels were sold, and had not enough money to buy them, cheap as they went. The only return we can make to the author is to suggest an amendment on p. 9. "Hernogius" must surely be Johannes Hervagius, the Basle printer to whom we owe the first edition of most of the works of Bede. We wonder whether the story of the Eton Athanasius will help in tracing the "vetusta, obscura, lectu difficilia, interdum etiam depravata, perverseque scripta" ninth- or tenth-century MSS. of Bede from which he printed the hymns and scientific treatises, for many of which he is the only authority. The story of the dispersion of manuscripts is a sad one, but we in England have on the whole rather profited by it, and many of our own treasures sold abroad at the Reformation returned in the next few years. The series of "Helps for Students of History" has several useful and well-written handbooks on its list, but none more inspiring to the beginner in the study of manuscripts: it warns him of the importance of little things.

## Science

## A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION

WE may divide scientific theories into two classes, which have recently been distinguished by Einstein as theories of construction and theories of principle. His own theory of relativity is a theory of principle, and its attraction resides in its logical perfection. Such theories, whatever charm they may have for the logician, are not, man being constituted as he is, felt to be sufficient. A principle which natural phenomena obey, and which enables equations to be deduced expressing the relations between phenomena, is, to a few austere souls, all with which science need concern itself, but the majority of men require, in addition, something they call an "explanation" of the relations deduced from the principle. They desire to see events described in terms with which they are familiar. Thus, a description of the behaviour of the material universe in terms of the mutual impacts of little billiard balls would afford genuine satisfaction to the mind, and important advances have been made in science by the attempt to describe phenomena in these terms. The assumptions which underlie some such attempts may seem, to the logician, preposterous, but there is no doubt that the mind is impelled to make such assumptions. Our familiarity with the motions of matter in bulk makes it quite natural that we should endeavour to give, as far as possible, dynamical explanations of events, although, if we stop to ask ourselves why nature should be flexible enough to admit of descriptions in such terms, we are at a loss for an answer.

The history of theories of the æther is particularly instructive from this point of view, because the irrational nature of the impulse is here most clearly apparent. The attempt to explain phenomena in terms of an æther has led to some very remarkable theories of the nature of matter itself. It has been supposed, for instance, that the ultimate particles of matter are vortical whirls in the æther or, again, points of a very special kind of strain in the æther. Nevertheless, a theory of the æther is regarded as unsatisfactory which is not couched in terms of the observed behaviour of ordinary matter as we know it. A dynamical explanation is always sought after, and a great part of the scientific effort of the nineteenth century was devoted to describing the æther as an elastic solid. But men of science were not content with showing that the laws of dynamics could be applied to the æther; many of them endeavoured to devise models which should represent, on a large scale, the actual construction of the æther. It is difficult to know to what extent their authors supposed these models to correspond to the reality; it is probably not sufficient, however, to say that they regarded them merely as furnishing useful tools for subsequent investigations. The models were usually extremely complicated, for, from the very beginning, the æther proved somewhat recalcitrant to this attempt to represent it as an elastic solid. The most obvious objection to this representation was provided by the observed motions of the planets. It could be proved that, if there were any resistance to their motions round the sun, it must be excessively minute, and how was this to be combined with the hypothesis that they were moving with great speed through an elastic solid? The answer was found in cobbler's wax. Sir George Stokes noticed that cobbler's wax, although rigid enough to be capable of elastic vibration, is yet sufficiently plastic to permit other bodies to pass slowly through it. We have only to imagine that in the æther these qualities are much exaggerated, and the motion of the planets presents no difficulty. If no substance like cobbler's wax happened to be known it is difficult to know

what satisfactory answer could be returned to the objection. Here we have the first glimpse of the remarkable combination of qualities with which it was found necessary to dower the æther. The mathematical examination of the properties of the æther, undertaken by such men as Navier, Cauchy, Poisson, Green, was continually leading to queer and unsatisfactory results, unsatisfactory, that is, in the light of our experience of the properties of matter. Cauchy, in particular, deduced a number of remarkable physical properties which were irreconcilable with one another, although one of his theories, that of the æther considered as a kind of foam, attracted the attention of Lord Kelvin.

With the rise of Maxwell's electromagnetic theory, the elastic solid æther received less attention. Maxwell himself, in his great treatise, gives no mechanical explanation of his theory; he merely shows that an infinite number of mechanical explanations are possible. With the publication of Einstein's first principle of relativity in 1905, however, the æther began to disappear; and now, with the generalized theory of relativity, it has become a mere ghost. There are still sturdy champions of the æther, and, indeed, it seems a pity to have to abandon the mechanical explanations it promised. But possibly the attempt to find dynamical explanations of this kind is doomed to failure; perhaps, after all, nature is not flexible enough. The orientation of modern science is in another direction. It is towards a more abstract class of theories altogether—theories which tell us nothing about the mechanism of a process, but tell us the principles the process must obey. Such theories effect a vast unification of knowledge. They are magnificently comprehensive, and it is possible that they contain all that we can really know, although men will long be reluctant to abandon all hope of ever approaching reality with the intimacy that the theory of the æther seemed to promise.

S.

## SOCIETIES

ARISTOTELIAN.—December 15.—Professor A. N. Whitehead in the chair.—Dr. G. E. Moore read a paper on "External and Internal Relations."

The most important part of what is meant by those who say that no relations are purely external seems to be the proposition that every relational property belongs necessarily to every term to which it belongs *in part*. This proposition is false, the truth being that some only among relational properties belong necessarily to those terms which possess them. To say that the property P belongs necessarily to the subject S is to say that from the proposition, with regard to any term, A, that it has not got P, it follows that A is numerically different from S. And this has been falsely taken to be true of every P and every S, because it is in fact true that from the proposition "S is P" it follows that any term A which has not got P is, *in fact*, other than S. The proposition that, if p is true, then the conjunction "q is true and r false" *must* be false, has been compared with the proposition that, if p is true, then "q is true and r false" is *necessarily* false in the sense that r follows from q. From the proposition "From 'p is true' it follows that 'q is true and r false' is false" it does not follow that, if p is true, then r follows from q.

GEOLOGICAL.—December 17.—Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, President, in the chair.

The Secretary read a communication (received from the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies) from Brigadier-General G. J. Johnson, addressed to the Secretary for Defence, Melbourne, and describing a severe earthquake shock experienced in Rabaul on the morning of May 7, 1919. The General wrote: "Ordinary earth-tremors are of such common occurrence here that they do not even cause comment. But, despite the exceptionally wet season, there had been a marked absence of 'gourryas' (as the natives call these shocks) for several weeks. Whether the shock in question was the result of the stored-up energy thereby conserved, or not, it is a fact that it more than made up for our previous immunity. The morning of the 7th was marked by an extraordinarily vivid sunrise, and many natives affirmed that the vivid colours in the sky foretold the earthquake. None of them, however, appear to have actually prophesied it before the event. The shock was felt most severely on Namanula Hill, outside Rabaul, upon the summit of which Government House is built. The two portions of the house, separated by a wide gangway, rocked in opposite directions, until persons on the verandahs had all the sensations of being tossed about in a gale at sea. When the

earthquake subsided, most of the houses built on the hill presented an extraordinary appearance, the supports being tilted at all angles. Heavy 1000-gallon tanks were rolled over like toys, and our Government Printing Office was completely wrecked. . . These earthquakes appear to be closely associated with the volcanic belt in this region, and the earthquake on the 7th was followed by great activity in the sulphur-springs at the foot of Mount Mother, the green fumes spreading over the sea to a height of about 100 feet. A tidal wave of some magnitude was experienced at Kokopo, where the s.s. 'Nusa' was compelled to put hastily to sea, so as not to be swept on to the beach."

The Secretary then read a communication from Mr. Reginald Raoul Lempriere concerning a raised beach at South Hill, St. Helier (Jersey), of which a description was originally published by the late Dr. Andrew Dunlop in Q. J. G. S. vol. xlix. (1893) pp. 523-5.

In the absence of Professor S. James Shand, his paper entitled "A Rift Valley in Western Persia" was read by Mr. R. D. Oldham. The President, Sir Jethro Teall and Professor W. W. Watts offered some observations on the paper.

A cast of an Italian Renaissance medal of Leonello Pio, Count of Carpi, dating from about A.D. 1500, and bearing on its reverse a design representing a volcano in eruption (Vesuvius), was exhibited by Mr. C. Davies Sherborn.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—December 18.—Sir Henry H. Howorth, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. G. F. Hill read a paper entitled "The Mint of Crosraguel Abbey," by Dr. George Macdonald, who was unable to be present. Recent excavations at Crosraguel ("Crossregal") Abbey, a Cluniac monastery in Ayrshire, founded in 1244, and endowed by the Scottish kings with extraordinary privileges, resulted in the discovery in a latrine-drain of a large number of small objects, some of a miscellaneous nature, others evidently the remains of a local mint: large quantities of small tags of brass, needles, portions of thin sheets, etc., as well as objects and pieces of copper and lead, together with 197 coins of billon, bronze or copper and brass. The coins are (a) contemporary imitations of pennies of James III. and IV., and farthings of James IV., including 20 which are combination of the obverse of one type with the reverse of another; (b) 51 copper pennies bearing a cross on one side and a regal orb on the other, and the inscriptions "Jacobus Dei Gra. Rex" and "Crux Pellit omne crimen" variously abbreviated; (c) 88 copper or brass farthings, of types not hitherto known, inscribed "Moneta Pauperum." The imitations of class (a) are the "black money" known from record. The pennies of class (b) are almost exclusively found in Scotland, though they have hitherto been attributed to one or other James of Aragon. They were clearly minted at Crosraguel, the types having a punning significance. They and the farthing are the only known instance in Great Britain of an abbey coinage, such as is very frequent on the Continent, e.g. at Cluny. The inscription "Moneta Pauperum" shows that the coins were intended to provide small change for the especial benefit of the poor, like the seventeenth-century tokens. The mint was probably suppressed by James IV. In the discussion that followed, Mr. C. R. Peers, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Grueber, Miss Farquhar, Colonel Morrieson and Sir Henry Howorth took part.

## FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 9. Malacological, 6.  
Philological, 8.—"The Perception of Sound," Dr. W. Perrett.  
Sat. 10. Royal Institution, 3.—"Sound in War," Professor W. H. Bragg. (Christmas Lecture.)  
Mon. 12. Geographical (Lowther Lodge), 5.  
Dr. Williams' Library (41, Gordon Square, W.C.), 6.—  
"The Analysis of Mind," Lecture IX., Mr. Bertrand Russell.  
Surveyors' Institution, 8.  
Tues. 13. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Miner's Safety Lamp," Sir John Cadman.  
Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Whitby Harbour Improvement," Mr. J. Mitchell; "The Design of Harbours and Breakwaters with a View to the Reduction of Wave-Action within Them," Mr. R. F. Hindmarsh; "Wave-Action in Harbour Areas," Mr. J. Watt Sandeman; "The Improvement of the Entrance to Sunderland Harbour," Mr. W. Simpson.  
Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Out-rigger of Indonesian Canoes," Dr. A. C. Haddon.  
Wed. 14. King's College.—"A Plea for the Study of Naval History," Professor J. Holland Rose.  
Thurs. 15. Royal Institution, 3.—"Renaissance Music in Italy and England," Lecture I., Dr. R. R. Terry.  
Linnean, 5.—"Methods of Botanic Illustration during Four Centuries," the General Secretary.  
University College, 5.—"The Origin of Ornamental Design," Mr. H. G. Spearing.  
Royal Numismatic, 6.—"The Coinages of Augustus," Rev. E. A. Sydenham.



## Fine Arts

### THE MORAL FACTOR IN ART

HAROLD GILMAN, PAINTER: AN APPRECIATION. By Wyndham Lewis and Louis F. Fergusson. (Chatto & Windus. 21s. net.)

**H**AROLD GILMAN was a failure as a painter, in the sense that his achievement fell short of his intentions. He was a failure in the sense that Courbet was a failure and Cézanne was a failure, in the sense in which it is more difficult and more honourable and of more service to fail than to succeed.

Success could not reckon Gilman among her admirers; for he was not prepared to make the necessary sacrifices, least of all the first and most important sacrifice—to give up doing his best. Neither could she number him among the great; she missed the cavalier air, the nonchalance, the gay confidence of the giants. So she left him alone—to go on doing his best.

And Gilman was content. He knew that his nature would not be appeased by doing a small thing neatly. He was not out to do parlour tricks or make boudoir toys. He had no intention of going to the dogs when he adopted a profession where it is easy to posture and to bluff. He did not think it worth while to sell his soul to make a perfect picture. He preferred to keep his soul as near perfect as he could, and let the flaws—if flaws there must be—face the world on canvas, where at any rate all men could see them. He knew, too, that Art had secrets which he could never share; that he lacked the rich creative impulse, the thirst for experiment, the splendid assurance of genius. And he fell back on the next best thing, the will to work, knowledge, and a calm faith in a method of painting.

But even these qualities are rare to-day, and because they are rare they have value in the world. They made Gilman a force in English art during the period covered by his activities. His influence on his contemporaries was quite out of proportion to his level as a painter. But it was not out of proportion to the worth of his artist-personality. Because the thing he did—his best—was a thing of price in a makeshift civilization. Big men know in their hearts that this is the one thing they seldom do, and small men know it is the one thing they never do at all; the first can succeed without it, and the second cannot succeed unless they let it go; and they were all humble before Gilman because they recognized that he stood for the moral factor in art.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Louis F. Fergusson, who are responsible for the monograph devoted to Gilman's work, have shown a wise discrimination in reproducing a number of his drawings as well as the paintings. First, because the pictures lose a great deal in reduced black-and-white photographs, which tend to exaggerate the fortuitous lumpiness of the texture and the general heaviness of touch, defects which are less obtrusive in the actual paintings. Secondly, because in many respects the paintings are less valuable than the drawings. Gilman's stern outlook which refused to allow him to take advantage of accident, and his arbitrary use of colour, give his later and most characteristic paintings a rather machine-made look. They are too obviously intellectual; they lack the spontaneity and the subtleties of the drawings which preceded them, and which contain the essence of Gilman as an artist.

Gilman's drawings are mainly studies for pictures. He aimed at making a drawing complete in all save colour, from which he could, at will, paint a finished picture. He drew in pen, putting down his statements of tone in meshes of dots of different weight and closeness, reserving conventional line shading for major shadows and a flowing line for the contours. There is no swagger or brilliance

about his drawing, but it is real drawing, nevertheless. It is as free from humbug as an architect's plan and much the same in essence.

Take the drawing called "Small Waves." The subject is a calm day when low waves topple gently forward over their retreating predecessors. The process repeats itself a thousand times; it is always the same and always different. There are all the elements of beauty in the scene—the long lines of the waves and the delicate filigree of the dispersing surf upon the sand. But it all vanishes and reappears with maddening rapidity, and the variations are infinite. And Gilman sat down to draw this; not to make an approximation or impression of it, but to make a coherent statement of it in his system of dots and lines and dashes. He failed, of course. Greater draughtsmen than Gilman would have failed also. But only an artist of Gilman's moral fibre would have made the attempt.

Or take the study for the portrait of his landlady, Mrs. Mounter. The subject this time has no pretensions to beauty. It is just an ugly old woman sitting at a table, and about to drink tea from a large common teapot and a large common cup. There is nothing romantic or picturesque about her. She is the typical London charwoman; she is old, incredibly old; she has had perhaps a dozen children, and a life of drudgery has filled the pores of her skin with grime and hardened it to a tanned hide. And Gilman set out to make a drawing of her which should be as good as a drawing by Van Gogh. He did not succeed—though he came very near it. But Van Gogh only beat him because he was mad. Everything that a sane man could do with the subject in the Van Gogh way Gilman did in this drawing; it is his most eminent work, and one which we think Rembrandt himself would have admired.

We have laid stress on the moral aspect of Gilman's art because we believe it is the aspect which will be recognized by posterity. But it must not be supposed that he was nothing but a stern moralist. He could look occasionally, as Mr. Lewis tells us, uncannily like George Robey, and he had a hundred droll and human facets to his character which are now lost to the world except in so far as they are perpetuated in Mr. Lewis's subtle and sympathetic introduction to this book. If there is no hint of these facets in his pictures, it is because painting was his work and not his recreation; and the gods had denied him their choicest gift—the power to do great work for fun.

R. H. W.

### EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

R.W.S. GALLERIES.—New English Art Club.

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—"The Black Country." Drawings by Edward Wadsworth.

THE New English Art Club is the Mecca of the Slade School students, who habitually make their bow to the public at its exhibitions. But it is not only as a dumping ground for their first pictures that the Slade students think of the Club. It stands for something much more tremendous to them—it stands for ART. When a Slade student applies the term "good" to Piero della Francesca's "Baptism," he means that it reminds him of things he has seen at the New English Art Club; when he calls a girl's head "good," he means that she is something like one of Mr. Augustus John's models; and when he calls a modern picture "good" he means that it is good enough for the New English Art Club.

The new-comers in the present exhibition are not very interesting; they appear to be mainly young ladies who admire the art of Mr. Albert Rutherston. The recognized pillars of the institution are inadequately represented. There is no work from Professor Tonks or Mr. Russell, and nothing from Sir William Orpen, R.A. Mr. John's main work is, owing to the bad lighting arrangements, completely invisible, and Mr. Steer sends only very slight water-colours which, though accomplished, do scant justice to his powers.

The most considerable effort has been made by the



## PURCELL ON THE STAGE

## I.

THAT Purcell never succeeded in composing the greatest operas produced in any country during the last half of the seventeenth century was due less to the shortness of his life—a circumstance which had no such hampering effect on Mozart a hundred years later—than to the ineradicable romanticism of Englishmen. Lulli and Alessandro Scarlatti have gone down to posterity as great figures in the history of opera; but the English composer had a much deeper musical inspiration than Lulli and a much livelier sense of the stage than Scarlatti. There is an architectural grandeur about Lulli which Purcell never attained, and he never attained it because the conditions of the English theatre made it impossible. But Lulli's grandeur is terribly monotonous: both in the pure musical invention of melody and harmony and in the application of these devices to the delicate and subtle interpretation of human passions he is far behind Purcell. Scarlatti can surpass Purcell in vocal expression, and in concentration of form, but only in vocal movements. Scarlatti's own contemporaries said that his operas were written more in the style of chamber music. His outlook on drama is purely personal and vocal; there are only very few instances in his operas where he seems to have had any visual idea of movements or grouping on the stage. He could write a processional march, or a comic scene of song and dance, but his ballet-music is negligible both in quantity and in quality. Purcell on the other hand, assimilating quickly the best devices of his contemporaries both in France and Italy, eventually acquired a very Italian flow of melody and at the same time never lost the sense of the stage. It is a fascinating task to prepare an opera of Purcell for actual performance, for almost every number suggests the rhythmical treatment of gesture and concerted movement.

Opera failed to establish itself in England because, at the moment when the principle of opera was first conceived in Italy, England had already a highly developed spoken drama of her own. The chorister actors of Elizabeth's reign had attempted musical plays which were in their essentials operas, since the persons of the drama were wont to break into song at moments of tense emotion, as if speech were no longer adequate for its expression. These too were being acted in England long before the first operatic experiments of the Italians. But the Shakespearean theatre, which as we know was definitely hostile to the chorister theatre, took an entirely different view of the function of music in drama. It was a characteristically English view. It regarded music not as the most normal and poetical medium in which human beings can express their own individual emotions, but as an experience from outside, not the effect but the cause of emotion. Thus Shakespeare habitually employs music (as Mr. Percy Scholes pointed out in a valuable paper read before the Musical Association) in connection with supernatural characters. It may be the expression of their own emotions, but as they are supernatural we have no means of knowing whether they are subject to emotions; the function of the music is not to express supernatural emotions, but to induce effects of emotion in the normal characters on the stage who are supposed to hear it, and then both directly and indirectly to affect the emotions of the audience.

It is obvious that if "The Tempest" survived into the period of the Restoration, it was largely owing to the opportunities which it afforded for music, dancing and stage machinery. "The Tempest" is the foundation of the typical English opera, and during the last half of the seventeenth century we can watch "The Tempest" being gradually expanded in the operatic direction until it became the artistic monstrosity which we are obliged to

generation which appeared shortly before the war, the generation of the brothers Nash and the brothers Spencer. Mr. Stanley Spencer's ambitious "Swan-Upping at Cookham" lacks the rhythmic design of his picture in the War Museum collection. It is also far less convincing as a conception and far less assured in handling. Mr. John Nash's "Wooded Hill" is probably the best picture in the exhibition; the immediate foreground is not well realized, and the whole composition would gain if two inches were cut off the bottom, but it is nevertheless a notable voyage in waters first navigated by his brother. The same is true of his excellent drawing, "Orchard, Whiteleaf." Mr. Paul Nash's best exhibit is the drawing called "Summer Rain"; but this sensitive and intelligent artist is clearly in a transition stage in his development. We believe that Mr. Ethelbert White's drawing "The Dead Tree" and Mr. Stanley Spencer's "Dedication of Cookham War Memorial" are well worth examination, but as it is necessary to stand on a chair to see the first and to kneel or crouch on the floor to see the second, we confess to having shirked duty in these instances.

Mr. Edward Wadsworth's exhibition of drawings at the Leicester Galleries is an event of importance because he is the first English artist who has evolved a coherent personal art from the conflicting doctrines of present-day aesthetics. He graduated at the Slade School, but rapidly outgrew the period of N.E.A.C. *Schwarmerei*, and set out in search of a creed more in harmony with his individual sensibilities. He found it in Vorticism, and it was as a Vorticist that he first attracted attention.

He is a North-Countryman, with a detestation of artistic flummery and a love of everything clear, bright and orderly, and everything structural and well-knit. He delights in iron girders and steel shafts and huge machines functioning with delicate precision. He delights, too, in all things which recall or suggest his favourite phenomena, and he tries to make his drawings recall and suggest them. Had he never found Vorticism, he might have developed into a regulation painter of cranes and scaffolding and machinery. Vorticism taught him to construct his pictures on the same principle that machinery is constructed; to dovetail the parts with the ingenuity of a cabinet-maker; to imbue a sketch of anything under the sun with something of the logic of a motor-car and the deadly accuracy of a field gun. He has no desire to make drawings which will look charming in a Georgian dining-room or a Louis XVI. boudoir, but he has an undoubted ambition to create something which would look sensible beside the Pyramids. And for a man of thirty-one he has come remarkably near it.

His drawing has the uncanny confidence and decision of a master. He makes up his mind before each stroke of the pen, and puts down a final statement without hesitation. He never puts down anything to see how it will look; he leaves nothing to chance, and he never changes his mind. Every line is as convinced and obstinate as Wordsworth's little village maid. Mr. Wadsworth would make short work of any line that attempted to compromise with a sentimental poet or a benevolent old gentleman. Every line has its allotted job for which it is individually responsible; it has no chance of sheltering behind other lines or hiding its tail in a bundle of romantic shadow. Every form, too, has its allotted job, and the artist finds no form too geometric or too ragged for acceptance, and no maze of forms too intricate for comprehension. Every inch of these forty drawings is completely realized; you could pick out any passage at random, and Mr. Wadsworth could draw it upside down for you on his cuff.

There can be no question of the pictorial value of these drawings of the Black Country; they are impeccable from the point of view of design and balance, and some of them are terrifying in their rhythmic menace. It is possible that a visitor from the Black Country would not recognize the slag-heaps in the more relentless of Mr. Wadsworth's drawings; but it would be quite impossible for him not to recognize the drawings in the slag-heaps when he returned home. For when an artist has once grasped and clearly stated the plastic qualities of a subject, the public rapidly assimilates his vision, which is, of course, what Whistler meant by Nature "creeping up." Certainly, slag-heaps will have to "creep up" after this exhibition or Art has perished from the earth.

associate with the name of Purcell. For these baroque distortions of Shakespeare's play *D'Avenant*, Dryden and Shadwell were responsible. All three were men deeply and seriously interested in the relation of poetry and music, especially on the stage. *D'Avenant* was evidently a great admirer of the style of Lawes. His heroic poem "*Gondibert*" was intended to be sung and was designed in a metre adapted "to a plain and stately composing of Musick." And the Musician, in "*The Playhouse To Let*," tells us that

Recitative Musick is not compos'd  
Of matter so familiar, as may serve  
For every low occasion of discourse.  
In Tragedy, the language of the Stage  
Is raised above the common dialect:  
Our passion rising with the height of Verse:  
And Vocal Musick adds new wings to all  
The flights of Poetry.

Later on in the same play, just before "*Sir Francis Drake*" is acted, the Housekeeper says:

Now we shall be in *Stilo Recitativo*.  
I'm in a trance when I hear Vocal Musick.

Shadwell, in the ludicrously conceited preface to "*Psyche*," the opera which he wrote for Matthew Locke (1673), tells how he "chalk'd out the way to the Composer" in most of the musical parts. His self-praise is by no means unjustified, for he had a remarkable understanding of the function of music in a play, and had further a very genuine admiration for Locke's "excellent composition." It is most interesting to compare Shadwell's arrangement of "*Psyche*" with the original *comédie-ballet* of Molière and Lulli on which it was based. The French drama is a spoken play with a prologue and *intermezzi* which are set to music. The musical sections are quite distinct from the play, which like "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" is almost complete without them. Shadwell takes a very different view of the scheme, and works his musical episodes into the texture of the play with a strong sense of picturesque and dramatic effect. There is indeed one episode which Locke has clothed with music of real beauty—the moment when *Psyche* is about to throw herself into the river, and is prevented from doing so by the river-god and his attendant nymphs, who rise from the water and sing. Shadwell may have been a bad poet and playwright, but he certainly had the makings of a very effective librettist.

Dryden's interest in music is well known. "*Albion and Albanus*" was a failure partly because it was an attempt to carry out in English a purely French theatrical conception, but mainly because it was set to music by a feeble French composer who had little understanding of English. "*King Arthur*," which he wrote for Purcell, has a wonderful sense of musical effect. The spoken dialogue contains much that strikes the modern reader as laughable; but the same may be said of many other plays of the period. What is important in the history of opera is Dryden's understanding of the points at which the introduction of music enhances the dramatic effect. Dryden had further a very clear conception of the singable qualities of the English language. He admits its inferiority to Italian as a singer's language, owing, as he says, to a certain "effeminacy" in English pronunciation. It seems even probable that he rewrote some of his songs to suit Purcell's music; in any case Dryden's songs are always exquisitely adapted to musical setting. It is further probable that Purcell shared to some extent Dryden's views on English pronunciation, and that he adopted the to us rather ludicrous repetition of a word, e.g., "never" repeated five or six times, for the sake of emphasis, because he knew that true English singing could not reproduce the prolongation of a vowel so natural and so effective in Italian.

EDWARD J. DENT.

(To be continued.)

## CONCERTS

THE outstanding feature of Mr. Arthur Rubinstein's pianoforte recital on December 30 was undoubtedly the group of three pieces by Albeniz—"Evocacion," "El Albaicin" and "Triana," which were played with such warmth and brilliancy that one was tempted to believe the Spanish composer a far greater man than either Debussy or Chopin. Mr. Rubinstein is one of those pianists on the grand scale for whom the Wigmore Hall is too restricted. His interpretations of Bach, of Chopin and Debussy were calculated for a larger auditorium. His playing lacks alike the intimate charm of many lesser pianists and the profound intellectuality of a few greater; but he is undoubtedly in the front rank of players. He is a magnificent executant, with an admirably clear sense of design in everything that he plays. Both in Bach's Organ Fantasia and Fugue and in Liszt's "*Funérailles*" he obtained some very remarkable organ-like effects of sonority by ingenious use of the pedal. His strong sense of form and rhythm allows him to adopt an unusually deliberate *tempo* in quick movements, and thereby to obtain a very striking richness and clearness of tone. It is only the undefinable sense of poetry in which he fails; yet his rendering of Albeniz, and of a Mazurka and the Barcarole of Chopin, showed that he possesses that sense, even if not yet developed to its fullness.

THE last Popular Concert of the London String Quartet took place on January 3. The Sextet of Schönberg, previously noticed in these columns, was repeated; a very thoughtful performance was given of Elgar's Quartet; and Miss Lilia Kanewskaya, who played two pianoforte solos by Brahms with neatness, if with nothing more, joined the strings in Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat. It was pleasant to see so large and appreciative an audience at a chamber concert of this type.

*Music and Letters*, a new quarterly publication (18, Berners Street, W.1, 3s. 6d. net), makes a good start. In the first article Mr. George Bernard Shaw, gathering up all the courage that even his worst enemies concede him, declares that Sir Edward Elgar is the legitimate heir to Beethoven. He could, we are informed, turn out thousands of bars of Debussy and Stravinsky music for fun in his spare time. Mr. Shaw fully realizes that he may be committing an awful "howler" by putting this opinion on record, but that, of course, does not daunt him. Incidentally we learn some interesting details about Elgar, and Mr. Shaw has a good image for what he calls the "*Clara Schumann - Joachim - Brahms clique*." "On Listening to Music," by Mr. Clutton-Brock, is an interesting and unpretentious account of his personal experience as an untrained listener. He seems to have a good ear for essentials; he distinguishes between compositions which sound like "patchwork" and those which give an impression of "growth." The distinction is vital, and we think Mr. Brock justifies his claim that he hears music musically and not as a literary man. Mrs. Woodhouse's article on "*Old Keyed Instruments and their Music*" says enough to rouse curiosity in those who have not heard the old instruments, and not enough to bore them. Mr. Cecil Forsyth shows he can wear his learning lightly by writing an amusing account of the adventures of Orpheus, who was first nearly killed by an old maniac, and afterwards assaulted by a moral philosopher. The resulting law case is decided in Orpheus' favour, and the judge then tells him that his first assailant was named Pythagoras and the savage moralist Plato. We might point out to Mr. Forsyth that, after all, Plato took Orpheus' humming seriously, which is more than can be said of our modern State builders. The other articles in the number are good, and slightly more technical than those we have mentioned. We hope the progress of the journal will show that the editor's pessimistic forebodings are unjustified.

THE Committee of the India Society, with the cordial approval of the governors of the School of Oriental Studies, have decided to open a fund for the endowment, in connection with that institution, of a Lectureship in Indian Art. For this purpose a capital sum of about £4,500 is necessary. We hope that those who appreciate the necessity of such a foundation will communicate with the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the India Society, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, 16, Prince Arthur Road, Hampstead.

## Drama

## CHRISTMAS IN THE THEATRES

## I.—FAIRY PLAYS

THE Christmas fairy play is an institution of quite recent date. It took its rise in a revolt of the public conscience, a revolt against the gaudy racket which Augustus Harris used to stage each year at Drury Lane. Pantomime had become a nefarious transaction, whereby people who boasted they never entered a music-hall obtained at Christmas a full meal of music-hall fare. This dishonourable bargain sometimes failed of its aim. One of Harris' most loyal henchmen describes in his memoirs a certain frost-bitten Boxing Night, when fourteen highly-paid "stars" stood in clumps on the stage and failed to explode a single laugh between them. There were also pantomime "boys" of a shape—!

At the Scala in "Fifinella" this tale is retold. We see in burlesque the pantomime of the nineties, with Miss Minnie Rayner performing self-immolation in an admirable skit on the buxom "Fairy Queen." A little party in the stalls—a girl, a boy and a gay young uncle—begin to shout protests against the lugubrious spectacle, and presently climb on the stage to rebuke the players. The demon manager with his sprites threatens violence, the children call the real fairies to their aid, in all parts of the house there is a sudden murmur and patter, and hosts of small fairies armed with bulrush spears come swarming down the gangways and storm the position. So far all is fresh, ingenious and rather touching.

We are transported next to a hill-top in fairyland, a design of lovely simplicity. In the absence of the elfin guards the summer fairy Fifinella peeps out of her winter cave, and is promptly carried off by the whistling East Wind. The Elf King in his wrath dooms the faithless sentinels to listen to an eternal pantomime, while the mortal children who lured them from their post are set the task of recovering Fifinella. "The fun," says the programme, "begins," but, alas! it also ends, abruptly. The whole fable falls to pieces from this point. Perhaps that demon was not completely exorcised; even bad traditions are difficult to uproot.

Instead of action where action is essential, we are kept chewing opium in the Dream Merchant's House. The Dream Merchant (Malcolm Keen) has a beautiful delivery; it only makes us sleeper. We watch long dances, not very well done, and explore the symbolism of dreams. At last a couple of mediæval visions reveal the whereabouts of Fifinella, who is suffering like the Nun in the "Miracle." Princes fight duels over her and kings kill their sons for her. The nice young uncle, who owns that he finds his ideal in this fleeting fairy, plunges right into one of these dreams and pulls her out. This snaps the spell, and we are back again on the hill-top, where we learn that Fifinella, being just the ideal, can never be held by the arms of any mortal.

If this is for children it is not quite what they want. Speaking for the boys—their sisters are too 'cute to give away their likings and dislikings—we should say that they take life more seriously than we do and are not yet reduced to crying out for fairies. They will look on Fifinella (Vera Lennox) as a very pretty big girl and Mary (Primrose Morgan) as a peculiarly charming small one, and fairyhood will not count when they make their choice. They will deny, of course, that they are interested in either. They will doze while we enjoy Mr. Alfred Heather's singing as the Man in the Moon, will wake up when the fighting begins, and sigh because it is over so soon. They will wonder why our eyes get filmy about a dozen times in the course of the

evening, will find M. Wania's leaping as the East Wind incredible and defend a theory of invisible wires, and will privately esteem the two pantomime comedians, "Utter" and "Rot," a pair of choice spirits, whom nobody ought to despise. On one point they and we will most likely agree: Fifinella is too good not to have been much better.

In the case of the St. Martin's entertainment, "Once upon a Time," we have no need to draw up a hypothetical balance sheet. There the children give us their opinion plainly, and, since they are laughing and cheering most of the time, we presume they are getting exactly what they want. On our side we must formulate a few reserves. We pass the knockabout of the Esquimaux fishing scene because we admit that we should (once upon a time) have enjoyed it hugely ourselves, but the episode of the "prehistoric peeps" did really strike us as rather futile fooling. What is there about cavemen and mediævalism that always sets a certain public hee-hawing? Nor did the struggle of romantic Balkan peasants with their Turkish oppressors greatly thrill us; we live after all in 1920. We thought, too, that the critics who count were inclined to get red and hot at so much weeping—it is terribly hard for them not to follow suit—but we all cheered up when the pistolling began, and counted the rich crop of corpses with avidity. When the last story of the series was reached, "The Proud Princess," there was no more ground for complaint. Mr. William Stack (whose voice makes whatever he has to say sound like poetry) is just the man for the hero of a fairy tale; while Miss Betty Fair is quite her name as the Princess, and nicely set off by dark-haired Miss Dorothy Fane, who leads her picturesque band of maids-of-honour. And then the magic pipe, to the sound of which all who hear must dance! It is the moment for the hero's execution. "One last boon, sire, a little tune upon my pipe!" Forthwith the cruel King, the sombre hangman, the astronomer royal, the jester, all the court, are footing it till they beg for mercy, exhausted. How surely these old, old fancies hit the mark! Beside them the modern inventions are nothing at all.

Miss Margaret Morris has the wit to see this. In her tiny "theatre" at Chelsea, with her youthful troupe led by graceful Angela Baddeley, she plays "Puss in Boots" and the "Princess and the Swineherd," and plays them straight, without turning to right or to left. The swiftly running story, the business-like fairies, recreate our nursery impression of these tales. The show succeeds well within its somewhat strait limits. What makes the authors of fairy plays go so far afield when all this treasure lies to hand at home? It is the notion that Cinderella, Aladdin and the rest are the copyright property of the pantomime producer. What has he done, this year, with his precious heritage?

(To be continued.)

## WHEN IT WAS DARK

KINGSWAY THEATRE.—"In the Night."

WHILE the elderly Juge d'Instruction is away on business at Fontainebleau, his wife and his wife's lover (for the play is founded on the French) pass seven hours of the momentous Night together in his Paris flat. Their paradisaical loneliness is not, however, complete; for a serpent in the shape of a burglar makes his entrance through the window, and after seeing the lovers parting in the chilly, uncomfortable dawn, makes off with two hundred thousand francs, for which the husband, in his judicial capacity, was responsible. The theft is discovered, the husband returns, the police are called in, and a most disquieting search-light of inquiry is turned on to those dark hours during which the Juge d'Instruction was away from home. Now the fun begins. The unhappy lovers find themselves in a situation which grows every moment more and more uncomfortable. Meanwhile the intruding burglar, finding that the numbers of the notes are known and that he cannot use them, presents himself to the lover and offers to



give them back; but the offer is coupled with a demand for hush-money—for has he not seen the guilty pair in a very compromising moment? The lover buys the notes back, and at this moment the police burst in, find the lost property and arrest him. The case against him is overwhelmingly strong. There follows a somewhat confused scene in the Juge d'Instruction's office. French justice, as we all know, is peculiar; but we doubt whether it is administered quite as oddly as it seems to have been in M. Levardier's office. But let that pass. To save her lover, the wife confesses. The Juge is hot for revenge, and as the lover is too noble to allow his mistress's reputation to be smirched by the revelation of the truth, it looks as though he were going to get what he wants. But no; the burglar descends, a god from the machine, and saves the situation—saves his own skin too, by pointing out to the Juge what ridicule will fall upon him if the details of his *cocuage* are made public in court. And the curtain falls on a charming Restoration gesture: the Intruder, master of the situation, "makes horns" and disappears, leaving the baffled husband gnashing his teeth in impotent fury.

"In the Night" is a pleasant entertainment, though we could wish that Mr. Harcourt had taken the trouble to clear up a few of the manifest improbabilities of the plot. It is not agreeable to realize that a playwright is treating us with the contempt we no doubt deserve.

The best performance was undoubtedly that of Mr. Leslie Faber as the Intruder. His personation of the eccentric gentleman turned scoundrel deservedly brought the house down. Mr. Alfred Grayton as Levardier was admirable till he had to become passionate and emotional in the last act. Here he evolved a most painful style of elocution with an explosion at the end of every sentence. The effect when he denounced the lover as "the apex of the eternal triangle"—this must surely have come straight from the French—was, it may be imagined, terrific. Miss Jessie Winter, who had to debit a great deal of well-worn eloquence about *mariages de convenance*, acquitted herself very creditably in the part of Mme. Levardier.

## Correspondence

### "THEATRICALITY"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In reviewing Mr. Lorraine's production of "Arms and the Man" your dramatic critic (ATHENÆUM, December 26) seems to take too many things for granted. He asserts that "Arms and the Man" is a realistic play demanding a realistic production, and accordingly upbraids the "theatricality" of some characters as they were acted at the Duke of York's, criticizes Mr. Lorraine's acting as not sufficiently realistic, and dismisses Mr. Rumbold's scenery and dresses as turning the play into a costume-piece.

To do your critic justice, he is quite consistent in his views, but unfortunately his principal contention, both as regards the realistic nature of "Arms and the Man" and the relative æsthetic value of realism and theatricality, is to my mind extremely challengeable.

Perhaps Mr. Shaw himself is to blame for the traditional view of his plays as works of realism. His denunciation of romanticism and sentimentality in life, and his advocacy of common sense and naturalness, have always been regarded, and not without his approval, as expressions of his realistic creed. But in art, and in the theatre in particular, realism is merely a method, and not a philosophy of life, and how far these two can diverge is best seen in the play in question.

Bluntschli, Saranoff and Raina, the three principal characters on which the action of "Arms and the Man" is based, are conceived as only a rationalist and a realist could conceive them. But their portraits as actually painted are not in the least realistic. Rather are they futuristic, if one might use the term with certain reservations. Mr. Shaw seems to have forestalled Severini, Marinetti and their kind in the idea of portraying an object not as a single whole, but as a sum total of individual and separately recorded impressions which one would get by looking at the object from all sides. Only the Futurists ignored the moment of time, and fixed their impressions within a single picture, thus showing their failure to understand the true nature of their medium, whereas Mr.

Shaw paints his dissected characters on a canvas-belt which is gradually unrolled before the spectator.

If such is the convention employed by Mr. Shaw in "Arms and the Man" (and I fail to see what *psychological* explanation could be suggested for the sudden twists and turns of the characters mentioned), I submit that the play is not realistic, but, in its principal *motif* at least, essentially theatrical.

Now, theatricality is usually associated with false sentiment affectation, melodramatic effects, and—at the other end of the scale—with buffoonery. It is certainly not quite that, and, at the same time, much more than that. In most cases the conventional forms of expressing sentiment and exaggerations of acting which one is accustomed to see on the stage are theatrical only in so far as they have become a stage tradition cultivated and carried on by talentless actors.

But theatricality can have a wider and loftier meaning. It denotes a frank recognition of the peculiar nature of the theatre *qua* theatre. The play—it proclaims—is merely a show, and not a slice of life, realistic or imaginative, discovered behind the footlights. The stage—it says—is just a part of the theatre-building, and not a realm endowed with Protean qualities, but always existing as a separate world in no way resembling the real stage. In the same way it regards the actor as the person on the stage who "serves up" the play to the audience, practising, without disguising it, his art of make-believe, and not as the spirit incarnate of a character by some accident descended into the theatre. And finally it recognizes the audience as a gathering of spectators who are in the auditorium to be served with the play, and not as a number of Peeping Toms stealthily watching the transformations which go on behind the footlights.

It is in this sense that I call "Arms and the Man" theatrical. Whether intentionally or not, Mr. Shaw "serves up" (or "presents," as I would prefer to say) his characters and all their striking convolutions by a method which can be justified only as a theatrical convention. The play therefore demands theatrical emphasis. And it is this emphasis that I find somewhat lacking in Mr. Lorraine's production. While the parts of Saranoff and Raina were conceived theatrically, Mr. Lorraine's Bluntschli, instead of being theatrically prosaic, was just realistically grey and undistinguished. The *tempo* of the action was also wrong. It should have been much quicker, illumining the characters with flash-lights of self-revelation, and making the dialogue terse and incisive. As to the setting, it is the best one can see in London at present (the garden scene is particularly good for its true sense of the architectural nature of the stage). But it is not theatrical. Alas! theatricality leaves but little room for the virtuosity of the modern stage-decorator.

But perhaps it will be asked whether theatricality is at all worth troubling about. To demonstrate its æsthetic truth as the purest, because the most honest, form of the art of the theatre would, of course, be impossible within the scope of a letter. But those inclined to sneer at it may, perhaps, be reminded of the fact that it was fully understood and practised in the classical Greek theatre, the mediæval pageants, the Elizabethan theatre, and the theatre of Molière, and that it still animates the art of the theatre in Japan and China. It will certainly come back into its own in the theatres of Europe. But this will happen only when it is realized that in the art of the theatre the choice lies not between realism and symbolism, or between elaborate settings and simplified ones, or between pictorial scenery (decorative, Impressionistic, or Cubistic) and screens and curtains, but between all these as methods of representation (or in so far as they are used as such) and theatricality as a method of "presenting" the play through the undisguised medium of the actor and the stage. By choosing the latter method the art of the theatre will come into line with the modern development of other arts which all seek to bring out and emphasize the significance of their respective media, whereas mere assimilation of forms evolved in other arts, however advanced these forms may be, will leave the theatre still lagging behind in the modern progress of æsthetic consciousness.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ALEXANDER BAKSHY.

38, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 2.

## MODERN ART CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In your recent article on Renoir (ATHENÆUM, December 12) you point out that this artist was both a great painter and a great man, and at the same time you emphasize the fact that as an artist he was in the direct line of our Western tradition. It is true. So it is true of Manet, of Degas, of Whistler. So it is true of any great artist you care to mention.

Why then this obsession on your part with one particular aspect of modern painting, what I may call the anti-traditional movement? We are becoming a little weary of Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Vlaminck, Marchand, Wyndham Lewis, Nash, Friesz, Lhote, and all the rest of them, mostly imported from France, for it seems we must go to Paris for our painting, just as our wives and sisters go there for their hats. (We are a little weary even of the great Cézanne himself.) These artists, so far as we can find that they are aiming at anything at all, are deliberately breaking away from the main stream of tradition, and striving after new forms of expression on some little side trickle of their own. My best wishes to all of them. Many of them are artists of ability. Much of their work is interesting and vital. But to many of us its value is chiefly experimental; it is too far removed from the main line of tradition to have the permanent and universal appeal of great art. Can any responsible critic maintain that any one of these men—I do not of course include Cézanne—has produced work at all comparable in emotional quality with the paintings of—let us say—John or Steer, or the etchings of Muirhead Bone?

This being so, why then should THE ATHENÆUM confine its appreciation so exclusively to this aspect of modern painting? In literature, in science, there is nothing limited or one-sided in your attitude; nor is there in music, though here, it is true, I have noticed that Scriabine and Stravinsky keep popping up perhaps a little more frequently than would seem necessary. But it is in the matter of painting that I wish to call you—oh! ever so timidly—to account. Here your point of view seems to be a little unbalanced, a little callow, a little—may I say it?—foolish.

Of course you are not alone. I find the same deficiencies in nearly all the more vigorous art critics of the day. It is the mark of immaturity. Of what use is it for them to tell us that Picasso is a great master, that the latest pictures of Matisse surpass anything that has been done since Cézanne, that the new work of Wyndham Lewis is wonderfully significant and vital, or that Vlaminck has now established his position in the front rank of the world's artists? Another critic will say exactly the same sort of thing of J. J. Shannon, of Peacock, of Salisbury, or of any other popular Academician. Why should one opinion be of any more value than another? This question seems to lie at the root of all the trouble. It is not opinion we want, but criticism.

That is why I am writing to you now—to plead for a larger critical attitude towards the Fine Arts, a definite standard and a sense of proportion more in harmony with your own attitude in literature, so that those of us who have left our salad days behind may find, in one journal at least, an appreciation of modern painting that is not so vividly green as elsewhere.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD GREGORY.

31, Lambolle Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

## SHENSTONE'S EPITAPH

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—One word more! In writing about parcimory of words and the weakness of our monosyllables, I was referring entirely to *epitaphs*, i.e. to inscriptions in stone or bronze on a tomb. Here brevity, conciseness, are essential to the monumental aim. In these, Latin is much superior to Greek, and still more so to English. In our speech with its articles, particles, and enclitics, the effect of the two or three permissible lines is frittered away. Take one of the grandest of modern epitaphs, that on Wren in St. Paul's: *Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice*—four words, only one monosyllable. In literal English it runs thus: *If you ask for his monument look around*—eight words with six monosyllables. It is obvious how much more impressive is the Latin.

I have said nothing about the use of monosyllable words, especially *nouns* and *verbs*, in prose and poetry, above all in drama and lyrics. Our short Saxon words are eminently needed in Biblical, devotional, language, and in dialogue, where big Latin phrases would be affectation. In the Bible, in the Prayer Book, in Shakespeare's passionate scenes, monosyllables are inevitable, and so they are in the lyrics of fancy, where Johnsonian Latinisms would be ludicrous.

What is more lovely than

Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?

Or again:

I arise from dreams of Thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night.

But *inscriptions* on a tomb are a totally different thing. In my book, "Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill," &c., 1899, I have discussed the use of short or long words in epic and meditative *blank verse*. Milton has a mannerism of polysyllabic words, as Tennyson in his "Idylls" had a mannerism of monosyllables. In the first 100 lines of "Paradise Lost," book iii., there are only *four* monosyllabic lines. Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur" is almost entirely constructed of monosyllabic words. Shakespeare's great speeches hold a middle and just proportion. In my letter on "Epitaphs" I said nothing of prose, poetry, or drama.

Yours, etc.,

FREDERIC HARRISON.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—One more attempt at the "Heu, quanto minus," &amp;c.

Oh, how much less to talk with those we see  
Than to remember—to remember!—thee.

The fine emphasis of the last three words in the Latin can only, I think, be met in English by repetition.

E. B.

## "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Many essays have been written on the origin of Alexandre Dumas's novel "The Three Musketeers," and some years ago the so-called "Mémoires" of the principal hero, D'Artagnan, were unearthed and republished in order to prove, with little success, that the elder Alexandre, or his literary assistant Auguste Maquet (who afterwards claimed the authorship), was indebted to the forgotten book. It appears, however, to have escaped the attention of the writers that the first mention in literature of D'Artagnan (or in reality Artagnan) will be found in the "Mémoires, pour servir à l'Histoire d'Anne d'Autriche, épouse de Louis XIII., Roi de France, par Madame de Motteville, une de ses favorites" (best-known edition "Amsterdam, chez François Changuion, M. DCC. XXIII.") Artagnan is only briefly described by the lady as a "créature de feu Cardinal [Mazarin], qui commandoit ses Mousquetaires," in connection with an arrest; but most of the other characters and some of the incidents of the novel will be discovered in the gossiping pages of Madame de Motteville's five volumes. Here was probably the first sketch of the now world-famous novel. Auguste Maquet, it is well known, was an omnivorous reader of seventeenth-century French "Mémoires," and had an almost complete collection at the time of his death.

Yours faithfully,

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

A VOLUME of studies entitled "Indian Nationality," which aims at setting forth the fundamental facts of Indian social, religious and political life, and their bearing on Indian responsible government, has been written by Mr. R. N. Gilchrist, Principal and Professor of Political Economy and Political Philosophy, Krishnagar College, Bengal, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Longmans. Professor Ramsay Muir has contributed an Introduction. Messrs. Longmans also have in the press, for publication at an early date, a volume on the Life and Work of Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, the founder of the Bose Research Institute in Calcutta. It is an interesting fact that Sir J. C. Bose is the first native of India to obtain a European reputation in physical science. The volume has been written by Professor Patrick Geddes, of the Department of Sociology and Civics, Bombay University.

## Foreign Literature

### THE ARCHPRIEST OF HITA

LIBRO DE BUEN AMOR. Por Juan Ruiz, Arcipreste de Hita. Edición, prólogo y notas de Alfonso Reyes. (Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja. 1.50 ptas.)

IT must in candour be confessed that comparatively few personal details have come down to us concerning the Archpriest of Hita. Señor Reyes, to whom the Casa Calleja has, with sound judgment, entrusted the preparation of the present edition, provisionally accepts the conjecture of Señor Puyol y Alonso that Ruiz was born about 1283, and died towards the middle of the fourteenth century. These dates are approximative only, but they go to show that Ruiz was alive at the same time as Chaucer, and it is conceivable that this partial contemporaneity may have suggested to Ticknor the idea of comparing Ruiz with Chaucer. There is something to be said in favour of this comparison, not so much on the score of similarity of genius as because the Archpriest of Hita and Chaucer were perhaps the first writers in their respective countries to display an unmistakably individual talent.

So far as our precise information about the Archpriest extends, we may presume it to be accurate inasmuch as it comes to us from the author himself. According to the version of the facts given in three fourteenth-century manuscripts, the Archpriest was called Juan Ruiz, and he appears to have been a native of Alcalá de Henares. This is not quite certain, for the extant manuscripts differ slightly in the reading of the stanza (1510) which refers to this particular. We are glad to gather that Señor Reyes favours the reading which makes Juan Ruiz a fellow-townsmen of Cervantes's. At some date unknown Juan Ruiz became Archpriest of Hita; at some date equally undetermined he was imprisoned by order of Cardinal Don Gil de Albornoz, who was Archbishop of Toledo from 1339 to 1367. What his offence was is not clear. We are equally in the dark as to when he was released. It would seem that a certain Pedro Fernández was the Archpriest of Hita on January 7, 1351. What had meanwhile become of Juan Ruiz? Had he died in prison, or did he join Albornoz at Avignon, where the Cardinal went when exiled by Peter the Cruel in 1350? No decisive answer is forthcoming. What seems to be certain is that much, if not all, of the "Libro de buen amor" was composed during the period of the Archbishop's imprisonment. This we learn on the authority of Alfonso Paratén, the copyist of an existing manuscript, and apparently a conscientious person whose report on this head is confirmed by the evidence of the Archpriest himself in the text of the "Libro de buen amor."

It is not an easy matter to feel confident that we are interpreting aright any fourteenth-century Spanish poem. As Señor Reyes points out in his able "Prólogo," narrative was as much the characteristic of the verse of that age as lyricism is dominant in modern poetry. Señor Reyes follows Menéndez y Pelayo in disintegrating the "Libro de buen amor" into its constituent elements. Among these elements the writer distinguishes the stuff of a picaresque novel, a collection of "enxemplos," paraphrases of Ovid and of the Pseudo-Pamphilus, parodies of epics, satirical fables, lyrical passages remarkable for their variety of theme and form, and a series of moral reflections. The analysis bears out, to a great extent, the conclusion of M. Jeanroy: "Mais qui ne sait que l'œuvre de Hita est une macédoine d'imitations françaises, qui témoignent du reste de la plus grande originalité d'esprit?" Señor Reyes cautions us against assuming that the "Libro de buen amor" embodies the personal experience of Juan

Ruiz. No doubt many of us have erred in that direction. Still, reading between the lines, we rather imagine that Señor Reyes tends to hold the view that Juan Ruiz had an unedifying, intimate acquaintance with the seamier sides of life. However, the personal character of the Archpriest does not concern his editor so closely as the writer's artistic qualifications. Señor Reyes dwells with keen insight on the accomplishment of Ruiz as a metrist. He makes it clear that Juan Ruiz, while not above practising the popular "mester de juglaría," was compelled, if only in virtue of his position, to cultivate the monorhymed alexandrines which go by the name of the "mester de clerecía."

Not less prominent among the Archbishop's faculties is his success in creating figures which were destined to endure and to be re-incarnated. His "Urraca" (better known by the nickname of Trota Conventos) is undeniably the first rough sketch of the celebrated "Celestina," whose name, at some date after 1519, supplanted the original title of the "Comedia de Calisto y Melibea"; his Don Furón is the prototype of the famishing hidalgo in "La vida de Lazarillo de Tormes." Again, some of Santillana's earliest characteristic masterpieces are paler, more delicate, aristocratic versions of the Archpriest's creations. Nor was his influence confined to the Peninsula. Some faint reminiscence of his work appears in the "Roman de la Rose"; Regnier's Macette is admittedly of Urraca's stock, and it is not impossible that the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" may be traced to the same source.

Where Ruiz picked up his versatile learning it is difficult to guess. We may assume that in part it was due to his ecclesiastical training; but this would not explain his acquaintance with *Jabliaux* or the Arthurian stories, though it might account for his familiarity with the "Libro de Apolonio." He might trust to his memory for his "enxemplo de lo que conteció a Don Pitas Payas, Pintor de Bretaña" (pp. 81-84). He perhaps wrote the episode of Don Carnal and Doña Cuaresma with the "Bataille de Caresme et de Charnage" before him, and if that be so, it would follow that his imprisonment was not very severe. His adaptations are indeed remarkable. But his most transcendent faculty is his power of evocation, his quality of creating a dramatic atmosphere, nowhere more visible than in his rehandling of Pamphilus. A man of the people, he never allows his fancy to obscure his realistic vision. His harsh crudity perhaps revolted his immediate contemporaries and the courtly "makers" who succeeded them. Few of them refer to him. Santillana mentions him in passing; he is twice named by Alfonso Martínez de Toledo, another Archpriest who won celebrity with a "Reprobación de loco amor." Ruiz was never fashionable. Nevertheless he would seem to have enjoyed a reputation out of Spain as well as in it. About thirty-eight years ago Theophilo Braga indicated the existence of a fragmentary translation of the "Libro de buen amor" in Portuguese; Braga's transcription is defective, and readers curious as to this rendering cannot do better than consult the study of Señor Solalinde. By a freak of chance, the "Libro de buen amor" was mentioned in an English work before it struggled into print in Spain. But time tells in the Archpriest's favour. On his first appearance in print in 1790, despite the protests of Jovellanos, Juan Ruiz was issued in a bowdlerized form. From then till now his fame has steadily increased, and he is reprinted and "introduced" with a skill which does credit to his latest editor, who, though a Mexican, is settled in Madrid, and is a very competent member of the "Junta para Ampliación de Estudios." As might be expected, Señor Reyes has gained distinction as an editor of Ruiz de Alarcón. Manifestly he can deal adequately with more difficult texts of earlier date.

J. F.-K.



## THE ART OF SAYING NOTHING

MADAME PRUNE. By Pierre Loti. Translated by S. R. C. Plimsoll. Illustrations in colour by Mortimer Menpes. (Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)

PRIME JEUNESSE. Par Pierre Loti. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 4fr. 90.)

LES ALLIÉS QU'IL NOUS FAUDRAIT. Par Pierre Loti. (Paris, Calmann-Lévy. 3fr.)

MORE years ago than most of them care to remember the *jeunes filles* of a dozen lands wept ecstatic tears over "Pêcheur d'Islande," and they felt that they owed the author a debt of gratitude for having provided them with a real yellow-back French novel, recognized in the world of letters, which they could carry abroad without fear of scandal, and leave in the drawing-room without incurring parental reproof. They repaid their debt with interest. They clustered round Pierre Loti in their thousands, and begged for another book soon. "And what, my dears, would you like me to write about this time?" said the master. "About yourself, cher monsieur," chorused the young ladies with genteel enthusiasm; and one bolder than the others may have added, "Tell us, Monsieur Loti, if you have ever loved . . ."

And Pierre Loti has been writing books for them about himself from that day to this. True, they have not always been strictly suitable for the traditional *jeune fille*; M. Loti is sometimes a little indiscreet; but he is always so soulful and so sad, and so remote from the gross faults of common clay, that the indiscretions become etherealized, and the contours are, anyway, obscured by the gauze curtains of his "atmospheric" style.

It is unfortunate that M. Loti selected this path for his development, because the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande" knew something of the novelist's art. There was invention in the book, and imagination, and evidence of a pretty descriptive talent. There are scenes one remembers: the "Marie" flying before the storm, and old Yvonne staggering down the village street after the death of Silvestre and chanting lewd songs in senile delirium. Above all, there was a definite and coherent story in it, and the author remained outside the cover.

But there is nothing of the novelist's art in the later books; there is only the art of saying nothing gracefully. The centre of focus has become the author, and the figure hardly warrants so continuous a concentration of the limelight. As he emerges from the *grisâtre* atmosphere of these books, Pierre Loti is a kind of musical-comedy juvenile lead. In one act he appears in naval uniform, philandering with geishas; in another he is disguised as a Turk; in a third he wears a tourist's garb, and postures beneath the palms of India. The male figures in musical comedy are notoriously unreal and fatuous, but they require a certain youth and agility in the actor to give verisimilitude to their incredible globe-trotting and their amoristic adventures. As the years wear on we find M. Loti incapable of fulfilling even the modest demands of his trivial rôles. In spite of a heavier make-up, the effect grows more and more incongruous, and we can scarcely believe that the most easily pleased *jeune fille* will find Romance in the unheroic hero who potters through the pages of "La Troisième Jeunesse de Madame Prune," which under the title of "Madame Prune" has just made its bow in an English translation.

On the other hand, M. Loti may confidently expect success from his appeal to the maternal instinct in "Prime Jeunesse," which is designed as a sequel to "Le Roman d'un Enfant," and is the latest addition to the autobiographical series. The female eye will doubtless find something engaging in the figure of little Pierre weeping in the folds of his mother's dress or playing Chopin with sentiment, or—in more robust mood—"cheeking" his

form-master at school. He was, at any rate, we understand, beloved of his aunts Lalie, Clarisse, Corinne and Eugénie. But to the unsentimental male eye he appears a most uninteresting child.

It is fashionable at present for novelists to write long books about their childhood, and the almost invariable failure of the result is largely due, we believe, to two causes. The first is the fragmentary and fortuitous character of the adults' recollections. It is impossible to recall sufficient of our childhood to fill a long book with any profit. We cannot evoke at will the mental processes or the special emotions of our early years. We cannot even remember a great number of episodes, and of the small number available only a small proportion have any generic significance, in the sense that they throw light on the development of character or the psychology of the genus child. Few indeed of the average adult's recollections have the import of the child George Moore's shame when reproved by servants for brutally ill-treating a sow. Certainly there are no such recollections in "Prime Jeunesse."

The second reason for the frequent failure of the child biography is the difficulty in deciding on the appropriate angle of vision when dealing with the family circle. A child remains a child just as long as he can view the members of his family circle without the background of the outside world. When he acquires the faculty of seeing his family circle in relation to other people he has taken on the specifically adult outlook. The change of vision may come gradually, it may be hammered into a child at school; or it may come in a single devastating moment, as it came to the little boy in "Jean Christophe" when he heard his mother scolded by her employer. It may come early, as it comes generally to the poor, and to Jewish children in countries where pogroms threaten. It may come late, as it normally does to the children of the upper and upper middle classes in England. It is only in the most exceptional cases that the genuine outlook of childhood persists throughout adolescence. But the novelist, who is nowadays recruited mainly from the upper middle classes, and who has usually had a comparatively agreeable childhood, invariably writes his confessions with the period of adolescence behind him. In dealing with the family circle he has to choose between a series of haphazard rose-coloured impressions, the sediment in his mind of his child-vision, and a set of coherent pictures evolved from the knowledge of later years. In the latter case he runs the risk of appearing artificial, even if he draws his pictures with the cinematographic rapidity and incision of Mr. James Joyce. In the former he runs the risk of appearing sentimental and absurd, which is very much what M. Loti appears in "Prime Jeunesse."

We are the more disinclined to welcome the child-vision in M. Loti's new book because his adult vision has always seemed to us so remarkably immature that we have sometimes suspected him of being a unique case of the child vision persisting into middle age. The spectacles which obscure his vision have certainly a strange resemblance to the rosy type of childhood. And he has a great distaste for acquiring knowledge of hard facts; he prefers to view things through a haze of prejudice. Take, for example, his recent publication "Les Alliés qu'il nous faudrait," where he flounders in international politics. The articles which constitute this book gave the French Censorship some trouble when they first appeared. For the author advertises his dislike of Greeks and Armenians, and his *penchant* for the Turk. Moreover, he advocates a Franco-Turkish alliance in the interests of France, and accuses the English of hostility to the interests of France. In short, the book is a résumé of prejudices which are well known to the readers of his former works.

It may be possible to substantiate in a scientific work the alleged chivalry of the Turk in warfare, and even to make out a convincing case for M. Loti's major theories. But "Les Alliés qu'il nous faudrait" is, of course, in no sense a scientific work. The author's long years of apprenticeship to the art of saying nothing have unfitted him for the production of such a work, and it would be strange indeed if he were now to plough systematically in the stubborn field of the Turkish problem. Nevertheless, even such a statement of personal prejudices, coming from almost any other author of M. Loti's international literary reputation, might be taken seriously and do harm. But there is little danger of the world heeding M. Loti. It is more likely to see in "Les Alliés qu'il nous faudrait" merely another of the author's musical-comedy impersonations, and to leave him—as we propose to do ourselves—sitting cross-legged in his fez, and accosting all and sundry with "Pity the poor Turk, kind sir; pity the poor Turk."

W.

## SOME ASPECTS OF URDU POETRY

**W**E, who live in India midst the turmoil of political strife and social reforms, have often wondered why Englishmen make no serious attempt to study our various literary and artistic movements. Perhaps they have unconsciously been influenced by the prejudices of those of their countrymen who return to them after long years of service in India, and who have as a rule a most defective and incorrect knowledge of Indian languages; almost all the natives with whom they come into contact know English, so it seems to them unnecessary to study any of the vernaculars. In nothing are the Englishmen and the Indians further apart than in intellectual movements, and this gulf is unfortunately becoming wider daily.

Of the numerous languages spoken in India, by far the most important is Urdu. Owing its origin as much to Sanskrit as to Arabic and Persian, it has become the tongue not only of Mohammedans, but also of several millions of Hindus. In architecture this intermingling of the two races produced the Taj at Agra; and in literature it has given us a great poetry. Though Urdu began as the camp dialect of the soldiers of the Mohammedan invaders and conquerors, yet so great has been its progress that to-day it is capable of the finest literary expression, and has gained for itself the chief place amongst our living languages of India.

As might be expected from its origin, its early poets aimed at copying Persian models; and though they thus increased the power of expression of the language, yet they did not give it that individuality and distinctive quality which it developed later. Their works are full of the imagery and mysticism so familiar to readers of Persian. Indeed, at times so closely have Persian poets been copied that one comes across identical expressions, and can tell which of the Persians the Urdu poet is trying to emulate. Owing to these false ideals, for quite a long time Urdu poetry remained rigid and conventional, and though some of the poets showed considerable subtlety of thought, nothing intrinsically original was written. Yet the old school did produce one great master—Ghalib. His poems, in spite of his use of strange words and long-drawn metaphors, have undeniable grandeur and beauty; and whether we like it or not, we are swept off our feet by the sheer force of his vehemence. The chief note in his poetry is that of pessimism. Living as he did when the old order of things was falling to pieces around him, and when Bahadur Shah, the last of the Moguls, was sent as a prisoner to Rangoon, Ghalib expressed to the world his own feelings of poignant sorrow and anguish. In the fall of his Mogul king he saw the disappearance of all that was to him noble and refined; and it is fascinating to see how again and again he tries to plunge himself into a philosophic frame of mind, and to forget the misery ever gnawing at his heart. To him the advent of the English, and of new customs, sounds the death knell of the old society to which he was so intensely devoted and of which he was such a brilliant ornament. Again and again in his poems he tries to recall it, and gives us some of the most beautiful and pathetic passages in our literature:

The only thing now left to me, to remind me of the company that was wont to gather on an evening round the festive board, is a solitary candle, and that too, alas! has burned itself out. The words here employed by him are extraordinarily beautiful, and their effect cannot be reproduced in a translation. Elsewhere he thus expresses the regrets with which his heart is full and his longing for things now no more:

Not all, alas! only a few, have come back to us in the form of tulips and roses,

How beautiful, O God! must have been some of the faces that lie hidden in the dust!

But Ghalib is of the past. He is still read, but only with the reverence due to an old master, and as in England one reads Milton. The new generation does not find in him an expression of the complex cravings of the modern man. With the first real contact of India and the West, fresh influences began to make themselves felt in Urdu literature. The old poetry, based on Persian models, and upon a spiritual and frequently artificial conception of love, grew weaker and weaker till it came to an end in the eighties, when the great poet Hali openly declared himself against it. Hali is the preacher of the new movement. He had been in his younger days an ardent disciple of Ghalib, and had for years written poetry in the old style. But he came under the influence of the Mohammedan social reformer Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, and threw himself body and soul into the great struggle which was then going on in the land, between the pioneers of modernism and their numerically stronger opponents—the conservatives. The result was the publication in 1880 of the great national poem known as the "Musaddas-i-Hali" or "The Sextains of Hali."

This poem is the first of its kind in Urdu, and heralded in a new era in the literary annals of our language, for it laid the foundations of that patriotic and nationalistic poetry which has become such a power in our country to-day. Hali's message echoed from one end of the country to the other, and the great influence that it had on the Mohammedans of India is thus described by a well-known Indian critic:

Out burst the innermost heart of the poet in strains unheard of before, yet so beautiful, so touching, so mournful, so rousing, so truly poetical, that for once at least they roused even the most lethargic of the Mohammedan community from their sleep. . . . I have seen men destitute of principle, almost dead to a sense of religion or brotherly feeling, and given up entirely to pleasure-seeking, who used to avoid the mention of sorrow in their pleasure-meetings and abused the singers if they happened to sing a mournful piece, letting the "Musaddas" pass without objection and finding a pleasure in weeping while it was recited. I have observed our fellow-countrymen of other faiths being melted to tears, genuine because spontaneous, by its pathos.

For with us in the East, poetry is still a living force, and we are not ashamed of giving vent to the emotions it evokes.

The theme of this wonderful poem is the Rise and Fall of Islam, and it is described with all the sacred fervour of a poet's soul; it expresses in the most forcible and beautiful language all that was then passing in the minds of the Mohammedans of India, all their sorrows and all their hopes. People began to feel that something great had appeared in their language, and that a great source of inspiration had been pointed out to them. The poem has outlived the opposition shown to it by the conservatives, and to-day there is no one in India who will deny that it is one of the very greatest things in Urdu.

The movement begun by Hali is still going on. The works of contemporary poets like Iqbal and Chakbast (the latter a Hindu) are read by thousands, and in them is reflected the new soul which the so-called Awakening has given to India. The "Tarana" by Iqbal has been adopted as the national song of Urdu-speaking India, and even as I write the whole country is impatiently awaiting the publication of his latest poems.

SYED ROSS MASOOD.

DR. TANCRED BORENIUS will give two courses of nine lectures each at the Slade School of Fine Art, University College. The first course, on "Mediaeval Art," will be delivered on Fridays at 8 p.m., beginning January 16; the second, on "Florentine Art of the Renaissance," will begin on April 20. Particulars of these and other courses on subjects connected with Fine Arts may be obtained from Mr. W. W. Seton, D.Lit., Secretary, University College, Gower Street.

# List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

## GENERAL WORKS.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES.

**James (M. R.).** THE WANDERINGS AND HOMES OF MANUSCRIPTS ("Helps for Students of History," 17). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7 in. 96 pp. paper. 2/ n., cl. 3/ n. 016.091  
See notice, p. 50.

The **London Quarterly Review**. No. 265, January. Epworth Press, 1920. 9½ in. 144 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 050  
Contains articles by Principal Forsyth, Sir Henry S. Lunn, Dr. J. Agar Beet, and others.

## 100 PHILOSOPHY.

**Joachim (Harold H.).** IMMEDIATE EXPERIENCE AND MEDIATION: an inaugural lecture delivered before the University of Oxford, November 20, 1919. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 9 in. 22 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 126  
See review, p. 43.

**Le Breton (Mrs. John).** THE WHITE-MAGIC BOOK. Pearson [1919]. 7½ in. 125 pp. il., 2/6 n. 133.3  
An appropriate book for those persons who find entertainment in trying to tell their own fortunes.

**Yost (Casper S.).** PATIENCE WORTH: a psychic mystery. Skeffington [1919]. 8 in. 255 pp. index, 7/6 n. 133.1  
One telling criticism of so-called evidence of communications from the spirit world is the contemptible nonsense with which the supernatural beings regale their trustful devotees. The publishers and author of this compilation undertake to remedy this defect, and it is boldly announced that the deliverances herein set down "for intellectual vigour and literary quality are without precedent in chronicles of Psychical Research." Patience Worth contributes long disquisitions in prose, and reels off both rhyme and *vers libres* at great length:

Patter, patter, briney drops,  
On my kerchief drying:  
Spatter, spatter, salty stream  
Down my poor cheeks flying,  
Brine enough to 'merse a ham,  
Salt enough to build a dam!

This is the first time Wardour Street has been enlisted in the service of the modern spook craze, and from its very feeble success we expect it will be the last.

## 200 RELIGION.

**Allen (Roland).** EDUCATIONAL PRINCIPLES AND MISSIONARY METHODS: the application of educational principles to missionary evangelism ("Library of Historic Theology"). Scott, 1919. 9 in. 160 pp. bibliog. index, 7/6 n. 266.3

In this work, which is written by an Anglican Churchman, in Anglican phraseology, Mr. Allen pleads for the cultivation by missionaries of the spirit of the educator, the four specially important elements of which the author considers to be faith, scientific curiosity, respect for the pupils, and self-restraint. Dr. Gore contributes an introduction.

**\*Bury (G. Wyman).** PAN-ISLAM. Macmillan, 1919. 8 in. 212 pp. map, 6/ n. 297  
"Pan-Islam is an elementary handbook," explains the author, "not a text-book, still less an exhaustive treatise." It is a study of the Pan-Islamic problem on the political, social, religious, and many other sides, by one who served in the Hedjaz and Arabia during the war, but has also had a quarter of a century's experience of Mohammedan countries and peoples. As a rule he abstains from political criticism; but his remarks on aggressive missionary enterprise are sensible and illustrated by plenty of facts.

**Macandrew (Mercedes).** THE SUPREME ADVENTURE: being the amazing story of the Lord Jesus' descent on earth. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 7½ in. 461 pp. front. index, 7/6 n. 232.9

See notice, p. 49.

**\*Plummer (Alfred).** A COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS. Scott, 1919. 9 in. 138 pp. indexes, 7/6 n. 227.6

An able commentary, preceded by an introduction in which Dr. Plummer has included a short selective bibliography. A Greek index follows the general index.

**\*Westlake (H. F.).** THE PARISH GILDS OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND. S.P.C.K., 1919. 10 in. 250 pp. il. app. index, 15/ n. 267.942

The author of this learned and interesting work lays emphasis on the bond which linked together the religious associations of the thirteenth century. This, he shows, was the belief in the value of prayer, and especially in the efficacy of masses and prayers for the dead; and the doctrine of purgatory, Canon Westlake considers, was the origin of the purely religious gilds, "which must have come into being had the frith-gilds never existed." The religious gild of the fourteenth and earlier centuries might best be defined as a "co-operative chantry," says the author, who, after dealing with the abolition of the gilds at the period of the Reformation, remarks that "the old simple spirit of devotion . . . had passed for ever. . . . It may be that the gilds had served their purpose, but . . . there was nothing ready to take their place."

## 300 SOCIOLOGY.

**Bond (Beverly W.), Jr.** THE QUIT-RENT SYSTEM IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES ("Yale Historical Publications," Miscellany, vol. 6). New Haven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 1919. 9 in. 492 pp. bibliog. index, 12/6 n. 347.2

The Associate Professor of History in Purdue University describes the feudal restraints upon the land which existed in America in colonial times, and shows that the quit-rent system contributed to the discontent that led to the revolution. The introduction is by Mr. C. M. Andrews.

**Dewar (George A. B.).** A YOUNGER SON: his recollections and opinions in middle age. Grant Richards, 1920. 9 in. 276 pp., 12/6 n. 304

In the light of a mind richly stored with reminiscence, the late editor of the *Saturday Review* considers the general situation during the war and after, and various subsidiary problems. He believes "that the war is the first act only in the mightiest drama of evolution and revolution mingled which has been played since Christ was on the scene." He is a firm believer in the genius and the star of Mr. Lloyd George, and is inclined to disparage our secret diplomats and the other clever men of affairs who helped to bring about the war. A good deal of the book is a sketchy and entertaining narrative of his own career, with sidelights on the world in general.

**\*Hammond (J. L. and Barbara).** THE SKILLED LABOURER, 1760-1832. Longmans, 1919. 9 in. 407 pp. app. index, 12/6 n. 331

A review will appear.

**Foch (Ferdinand),** Marshal of France. PRECEPTS AND JUDGMENTS. With a sketch of the military career of Marshal Foch by Major A. Grasset. Translated by Hilaire Belloc. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 7½ in. 370 pp., 9/ n. 355

The introduction of 76 pages is chiefly occupied with the part played by Foch in the recent war. The rest of the book deals with (1) his theoretical teachings on war, and (2) his analyses of past campaigns. It is a volume of great interest to the student of war.

## 500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

**\*Harvey-Gibson (R. J.).** OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF BOTANY. Black, 1919. 9 in. 281 pp. bibliog. index, 10/ n. 580.9

Professor Harvey-Gibson discusses the more important features in the advance of botanical knowledge from the earliest times down to, approximately, the present day. The work is based on a course of lectures to students of the



University of Liverpool. It should help a reader to form an accurate mental picture of the evolution of botanical science as a whole, and enable him to appraise the values of the results achieved by famous investigators. A very useful phylogenetic table is appended to the text, and there is a serviceable list of English works of reference.

#### 600 USEFUL ARTS.

**Davis (Kary Cadmus).** HORTICULTURE ("Farm Life Text Series"). Lippincott [1919]. 8½ in. 424 pp. il. app. index, 8/6 n. 635

A thorough treatise on plant propagation, vegetable gardening, orcharding, etc. The information is abundant and clearly presented, and the illustrations are excellent.

\***Jacobi (Charles Thomas).** PRINTING: a practical treatise on the art of typography as applied more particularly to the printing of books. Bell, 1919. 7½ in. 429 pp. il. glossarial index, samples of paper, 10/6 n. 655

This sixth edition of Mr. Jacobi's well-known manual of the art and business of the printer is the recognized authority for students preparing for the examinations of H.M. Stationery Office and the City and Guilds of London Institute. Sets of examination papers are appended. The new matter comprises a chapter on methods of book-illustration.

**Miles (Eustace).** SELF-HEALTH AS A HABIT. Dent, 1919. 7½ in. 338 pp. por. diag. index, 5/ n. 613.02

Self-health, according to Mr. Eustace Miles, is mainly an affair of balanced (vegetarian) diets, good cooking and mastication, no alcohol, but habitual sipping of hot water, deep breathing, and "sensible exercises"—more particularly "the daily stretch." The book itself is rather stretched out.

\***Okakura-Kakuzo.** THE BOOK OF TEA. Edinburgh, Foulis [1919]. 8½ by 4½ in. 140 pp. col. il. app., 16/ n. 641.87

In excellent English the Japanese author of this learned and entertaining disquisition sets forth the history of "the cup of humanity" in the East and the West; describes Teism, "a religion of aestheticism," "a cult founded on the adoration of the beautiful among the sordid facts of everyday existence"; traces the connexion of Taoism and Zenism, and of both with Teism; dilates on the simplicity and purism of the tea-room; and proceeds, by a natural train of thought, to an excursus on the appreciation of art and the cult of flowers. The book is finely printed, and has some pretty illustrations. The appendix deals with the ritual of the tea-room in Japan and China.

#### 700 FINE ARTS.

**Kapp (Edmond X.).** PERSONALITIES: twenty-four drawings. Secker, 1919. 13 in. 62 pp. 24 pl. boards 21/ n., cl. 63/ n. 741

See review, p. 46.

**Lewis (Wyndham) and Fergusson (Louis F.).** HAROLD GILMAN, PAINTER: an appreciation. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 12 in. il., 21/ n. 759.2

See review, p. 52.

**Reiss (Richard).** THE HOME I WANT. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 7 in. 194 pp. il. apps. bibliog. index, paper 2/6 n., cl. 4/ n. 712

The housing problem is one for local authorities, the author maintains, and "greater interest, knowledge, and determination on the part of electors might long ago have forced the Councils to utilize to a far greater extent the powers which they possess." He supplies a mass of instructive material, including views and plans of buildings, town-planning schemes, legal and other information; and certainly helps local authorities considerably in the task of knowing what they should do. It might be wished that more had been said about the first and last impediment to all current housing schemes that are on any scale commensurable with the nation's requirements, that is to say, the land question. "By clearing slum areas," he observes, "and by closing dilapidated houses before new ones have been erected, we shall only make matters worse." Such is the present *impasse*.

#### 790 AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

**Browning (Robert H.-K.).** SUPER-GOLF. Simpkin & Marshall [1919]. 7 in. 144 pp. il., 2/6 n. 796

The editor of *Golfing* discourses pleasantly upon world's records, Marathon golf, shots that went astray, the giving

of odds, and other topics of interest to the wielder of the niblick and the brassie.

**Fulford (Harry).** GOLF'S LITTLE IRONIES. Simpkin & Marshall [1919]. 7 in. 141 pp. il. por., 2/6 n. 796

The author, who is professional to Le Touquet Golf Club, amusingly sketches various more or less representative golf personalities, such as "The Secretary," "The Scratch Man," and "The Intimidator"; and has something to say about "The Language of the Links," "Caddies," and the like.

#### 800 LITERATURE.

**Baroja (Pío).** PÁGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Selección, prólogo y notas del autor. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1918. 6½ in. 502 pp., 2.50 ptas. 860.8

"Clarín" (Leopoldo Alas). PÁGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Selección, prólogo y comentarios de Azorín [J. Martínez Ruiz]. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6½ in. 394 pp., 2.50 ptas. 860.8

**Palacio Valdés (Armando).** PÁGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6½ in. 378 pp., 2.50 ptas. 860.8

A convenient series of anthologies of nineteenth-century Spanish writers.

**Cooper (Elizabeth),** ed. THE LOVE LETTERS OF A CHINESE LADY. Edinburgh, Foulis [1919]. 8½ in. 78 pp. il., 6/ n. 895

Written by a Chinese lady, daughter of a viceroy of Chih-li, to her husband, a very high Chinese official, who is travelling round the world with his master, Prince Chung, these letters are beautifully expressed, and full of feeling and pathos.

#### POETRY.

**Buchanan, the Sacred Bard of the Scottish Highlands:** his confessions and his spiritual songs. Rendered into English verse, with his letters and a sketch of his life, by Lachlan Macbean. Simpkin & Marshall [1919]. 8 in. 224 pp. apps., 5/ n. 891.63

This Highland Bunyan is ranked by native scholars with Alexander Macdonald and Duncan Bàn MacIntyre as one of the three greatest Gaelic poets. Mr. Macbean's renderings give little idea of what the work is in the original—probably the Gaelic is untranslatable. But the account of Buchanan's life, spiritual conflicts, and almost superhuman influence over his countrymen is interesting in the extreme.

**Lancelot and Guinevere:** a study in three scenes. Bell, 1919. 7½ in. 25 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9

Three scenes in prose and verse on the well-worn theme of the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere. The blank verse is more distinguished than the prose, which has a rather sham-antique appearance. It is a pity that in Guinevere's last speech, containing the whole point and kernel of the piece, the misprint "foolstool" for "footstool" should have been overlooked.

**Massingham (H. J.),** ed. A TREASURY OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH VERSE: from the death of Shakespeare to the Restoration (1616-60). Macmillan, 1919. 6½ in. 424 pp. introd. text, notes, indexes, 3/6 n. 821.08

See review, p. 40.

**Ross (Sir Ronald).** PSYCHOLOGIES. Murray, 1919. 7½ in. 69 pp., 2/6 n. 821.9

In this volume of "psychologies" we like best the two pieces that are not psychological—"The Marsh" and "The Boy's Dream." In these fantasies Sir Ronald Ross lets himself go more whole-heartedly than in the little scenes of realistic drama contained in the earlier part of the book. In his lyrics he exploits to the full those good old-fashioned metrical devices, those chimings and rhymings so dear to Edgar Allan Poe, but so seldom heard in contemporary poetry. This faint reverberation of "The Bells" makes Sir Ronald Ross's poems all the more enjoyable.

**Watt (Lauchlan Maclean).** THE LAND OF MEMORY. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 7½ in. 96 pp. boards, 5/ n. 821.9

It is not hard to detect who is Mr. Watt's master. In versification and in the general tone of their subject these thirteen pieces in blank verse are distinctly Wordsworthian. The theme is "the still sad music of humanity" somewhat sentimentalized, as it is heard in the Highlands of Scotland.

## FICTION.

**Bungey (Edgar Newton).** THE AUTUMN OF PRIDE. Jarrolds [1919]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 7/ n.

The theme of this novel is the clash of two strong natures, father and son, the elder wishing, from love of his son, to decide whom he shall marry. The scene is laid in the West Country, and the rustic characters are real people.

**Chambers (Robert W.).** IN THE QUARTER ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable [1919]. 7 in. 291 pp., 2/ n.

**Chambers (Robert W.).** THE KING IN YELLOW ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable [1919]. 7 in. 312 pp., 2/ n.

**Hunt (Arthur).** AUBERON HOPE. Routledge, 1919. 7½ in. 390 pp., 6/ n.

The title-role in this long and somewhat didactic novel is filled by the schoolmaster and organist of a country parish. He loves beauty in all things, and looks for sincerity in every man. Coming under the influence of Christopher Smith, a young artisan who preaches altruism and the doctrine of universal brotherhood, Auberon Hope sacrifices himself for the sake of a worthless girl, whom he makes his wife, but deliverance comes at length.

**Loti (Pierre).** MADAME PRUNE. Translated by S. R. C. Plimsoll. Illustrated in colour by Mortimer Menpes. Werner Laurie, 1919. 8½ in. 240 pp., 10/6 n. 843.9

**Loti (Pierre).** PRIME JEUNESSE: SUITE AU ROMAN D'UN ENFANT ("Bibliothèque Contemporaine"). Paris, Calmann-Lévy [1919]. 7½ in. 270 pp. paper, 4fr. 90. 843.9

See review, p. 59.

**\*Mayne (Ethel Colburn).** BLINDMAN. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 8 in. 225 pp., 7/ n.

See review, p. 48.

**Rathkyle (M. A.).** FAREWELL TO GARRYMORE. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin) [1919]. 7½ in. 155 pp. boards, 3/6 n.

A sentimental little story of life in Ireland prior to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The hero, accused of an act of intimidation, escapes to Philadelphia, and is joined by the girl he loves. Years after, the two return to Ireland, and all is well.

**Seymour (Arthur).** THE FALL OF THE MIGHTY. Odhams [1919]. 7 in. 214 pp., 2/ n.

A formidable variety of the bold and bad baronet is "Black Sir Bryan," of whose doings we learn from this readable story, which deals with a struggle for the hand of an heiress. The villain's machinations are defeated, but not before the detective and his friends have had an exciting "run for their money."

**Smithson (Annie M. P.).** BY STRANGE PATHS. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 1919. 7½ in. 366 pp., 6/ n.

The best chapters of this book relate to the experiences of an Irish nurse in an English hospital. The training of a probationer, and the intimate side of hospital life, are described in considerable detail. The heroine is an Irish girl who takes up nursing as a means of livelihood, becomes a member of the Gaelic League, and finally marries a Nationalist. There is a good deal of criticism of English ways in Miss Smithson's book.

**Thomson (Edward William).** OLD MAN SAVARIN STORIES: tales of Canada and Canadians. Werner Laurie [1919]. 8 in. 344 pp. por. il., 7/ n.

It is possible to be so good at dialect as to overdo it, and one or two of these tales of Canadians consist almost entirely of dialogue in hybrid patois, no doubt accurately reproduced, but exceeding artistic measure. Dialect should be a condiment rather than a dish. Nevertheless, Mr. Thomson is an expert in the art of the short story and its possibilities of humour, adventure, and pathos. Realistic, diverting, or tragic, whatever the motive, he never fails to hold the reader absorbed.

**Thornton (Mary Taylor).** DELPHINE DECIDES. Sampson Low [1919]. 7½ in. 271 pp., 6/ n.

Delphine de Vries, having lost her father, decides to visit some cousins living in an Eastern county. She has the gift of making herself agreeable and winning admiration, though

there is something peculiar about her. The author writes well, and skilfully describes the part played by Delphine in several love-affairs.

**Tremayne (Sydney).** ECHO. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 297 pp., 7/ n.

Echo Stapylton is unlucky in her mother, whose husband has had to obtain a divorce. Echo lives in Belgravia with a Bœotian aunt, but ends an insupportable existence by escaping to Paris. There she has full scope for her Bohemianism, inherited from the flighty mother. But in Echo it is tempered by particularity, and the Quartier Latin leaves the heroine unscathed. She marries unfortunately, however, and is deserted by her husband. The tale is clever and readable, and eventually an old friend and lover responds to Echo's appeal for help and affection.

## 910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

**Morrison (J. H.).** STREAMS IN THE DESERT: a picture of life in Livingstonia. Hodder & Stoughton [1919]. 8 in. 182 pp. il. por., 4/ n. 916.7

An agreeable narrative of a missionary's travels in Nyasaland and North-Eastern Rhodesia. The Victoria Falls, Lake Nyasa, Mrs. Livingstone's grave at Shupanga, and the monument to Livingstone at Chipundu are described by the author, whose style is light and readable. Mr. Morrison refers to the colonial dislike for missions, and to the common white prejudice against the natives, which he deprecates.

**\*Richardson (Ethel M.).** THE STORY OF PURTON: a collection of notes and hearsay, gathered by Ethel M. Richardson. Bristol, Arrowsmith (Simpkin & Marshall), 1919. 9 in. 143 pp. il. app., 7/6 n. 914.231

An adequate and readable description of a pleasant Wiltshire village, the fine parish church of which is notable as possessing a western tower and central spire. Only two other examples of this type of building are said to exist in England—the churches at Ormskirk and Wanborough. Mrs. Richardson includes accounts of the Maskelyne and other Purton families, together with notes concerning well-known inhabitants.

**\*Savory (Isabel).** THE ROMANTIC ROUSSILLON: IN THE FRENCH PYRENEES. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 10 in. 226 pp. il. bibliog. 25/ n. 914.489

In a delightful narrative of her own rambling in this picturesque and secluded region, Miss Savory brings vividly before the eye its scenery, towns, villages, and buildings, and its people and manners; she also gives entrancing glimpses of the romantic part of a country closely associated with Roland and Charlemagne. Useful notes for travellers are appended; there are charming pencil drawings by Miss Muriel Landseer McKenzie, reproduced by collotype; but it is a pity that the two maps are utilized as end-papers, and are thus liable to be defaced in use.

**Serao (Matilde).** IN THE COUNTRY OF JESUS. Translated from the Italian by Richard Davey. Nelson [1919]. 7½ in. 250 pp., 2/6 n. 915.69

Signora Serao's account of her journey through Palestine is eminently pleasing and readable. She accepts without question the traditions concerning the places reported to be the sites of Scriptural happenings.

**\*Sharpe (Montagu).** MIDDLESEX IN BRITISH, ROMAN, AND SAXON TIMES ("Antiquities of Middlesex"). Bell, 1919. 10 in. 200 pp. maps, il. tables, index, boards, 12/6 n. 913.421

This book contains two kinds of matter: an account of the antiquities of the county pertaining to British, Roman, and Saxon times, with references to the Chronicle and other documents; and the exposition of the results of special researches on such problems as the orientation of ancient ways, the fords over the Thames, the Roman land survey, sites of churches—identified with those of pagan chapels—and the Domesday Survey of Middlesex. Mr. Sharpe demonstrates that the Saxon virgate was identical with the Roman *centuria* of 50 *jugera*; 25 *centuriæ*, with an extra 50 *jugera* allotted for roads, etc., formed a *possessa*; and the boundaries of several *possessæ* can still be traced, showing a different orientation in different districts. The maps make these and other results perfectly clear.

## 920 BIOGRAPHY.

\***Blaker (Nathaniel Paine).** SUSSEX IN BYGONE DAYS: reminiscences of Nathaniel Paine Blaker. Hove, Combridges, 1919. 7 in. 215 pp. il. por., 5/ n. 920

These agreeable papers, dealing with Sussex ball teams, old rectors, haying, harvesting, Sussex smugglers, specimens of old Sussex dialect, steel traps and springs, and numerous other topics, were first published for private circulation. The edition before us has been revised, extended, and largely rewritten. The author is a well-known Sussex surgeon.

Catherine (Saint) of Siena.

\***Pollard (Alfred W.).** ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA ("Messages of the Saints"). Sidgwick & Jackson, 1919. 6 in. 134 pp. boards, 3/ n. 920

A sympathetic sketch of Catherine Benincasa, the fourteenth-century Sienese dyer's daughter, who, if her life was a failure in the worldly sense, has exerted an unquestionably great moral influence, which in her day was sufficient to bring back Pope Urban VI. from Avignon to Rome, in the face of tremendously powerful opposition.

Courthope (William John).

**Mackail (J. W.).** W. J. COURTHOPE, 1842-1917. (From the Proceedings of the British Academy, vol. 9). Milford [1919]. 10 in. 10 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 920

This brief biography of W. J. Courthope contains an interesting summary of his critical doctrines, as they were expressed in the "History of English Poetry," in "The Liberal Movement in English Literature," and in the chapter contributed to the "Cambridge History of English Literature" on the poetry of Spenser.

**Greville (George).** MEMORIES OF AN OLD ETONIAN, 1860-1912. Hutchinson [1919]. 9 in. 291 pp. pors. index, 16/ n. 920

The author's recollections of the Eton of Dr. Hornby are followed by anecdotal reminiscences of Bonn, Frankfurt, Paris, and elsewhere, and of English society in general. A not particularly pleasant impression is given of a young officer's life in the British army forty or fifty years ago.

Lincoln (Abraham).

**Wanamaker (R. M.).** THE VOICE OF LINCOLN. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 371 pp. front., 12/6 n. 920

Judge Wanamaker ably discusses the great President's character, and quotes from letters, speeches, and conversations with the object of illustrating the principles upon which Lincoln moulded his life. His passion for justice and truth, his honourable and brilliant professional career, and his marvellous power as a leader of men are well brought out in this notable book.

**Roosevelt (Theodore).** LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN, Ed. by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 240 pp. pors. and sketches, 10/6 n. 920

Manly and characteristic as are these letters, they will naturally appeal chiefly to Americans, especially to those who knew the man and his family. Roosevelt was not only a lover of children, his own and others, but one whom children instinctively loved.

\***Sedgwick (Anne Douglas).** A CHILDHOOD IN BRITANNY EIGHTY YEARS AGO. Arnold, 1919. 8½ in. 224 pp. il., 10/6 n. 920

"This little sheaf of childish memories," says Mrs. Sedgwick, "has been put together from many talks, in her own tongue, with an old French friend." The names have been changed or slightly altered, but otherwise the character of the Breton original has been preserved. The autobiographer describes her home life eighty years ago, her father, mother, grandmother, and two protégés (one of whom descends from Bertrand du Guesclin), and draws their characters with skill and some humour—a humour reflected in the illustrations by Paul de Leslie. The book gives an attractive picture of old-world life in this corner of France.

Wilson (Harry).

**Dalton (Lilian).** HARRY: SCHOOLBOY AND SOLDIER. Elliot Stock, 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp. por. paper, 1/ n. 920

The life of Harry Wilson, son of the Vicar of Leyton, one of the many lads who fell in the war, is recorded in a simple, affectionate manner, and makes an encouraging story for young people. Dr. F. S. Guy Warman, Bishop of Truro, contributes a foreword.

## 930-990 HISTORY.

**Berger (Maurice).** LA NOUVELLE ALLEMAGNE: ENQUÊTES ET TÉMOIGNAGES. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 8 in. 354 pp. il. pors. paper, 10fr. 943.08

The author, a lieutenant in the Belgian army, went on an official mission to Berlin after the declaration of the Armistice, and interviewed notable personages in various sections of society, including Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, General von Kluck, the late Cardinal von Hartmann, and Herren Theodor Wolff, Richard Strauss, and Maximilian Harden.

\***The French Year-Book**, published at the initiative of the Comité du Livre, a National Association under the gracious patronage of the French Government; Statistical and Historical Annual of France for the Year 1919. Paris, Comité du Livre, 101, rue du Bac; London, Bale & Sons [1919]. 8 in. 1032 pp. il. (pors.) biblogs. index, 12/6 n. 944.09

A knowledge of France, of French achievements in art, science, literature, and commerce, and of the intellectual, industrial, economic, and other resources of our ally, is at the present time more desirable than ever before, especially to the English-speaking races. This book, the general editor of which is Dr. A. S. Rappoport, supplies in a compact and convenient form just the particulars required. It begins with an excellent summary of the history of France, to which is added an account of Alsace and Lorraine. Sections follow dealing with historical and geographical France, administrative and political France, intellectual France, social France, economic France, and Colonial France. The information in each part is extremely full and detailed, and the volume is a useful addition to the family of really necessary year-books.

## 940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

**Bordoy-Torrents (Pere M.).** ELS POBLES DE L'ORIENT PROBLEMES DE POLITICA INTERNACIONAL (Publicacions de "La Revista," 31). Barcelona, "La Revista," 1919. 7½ in. 244 pp. index, paper, 5 ptes. 940.9

The Greeks, the Serbs, Ukraina, the Czecho-Slovaks, Jews and Christians, the pretensions of Bulgaria, the Danube question, and the problem of nationalities in Austria-Hungary are some of the themes discussed in the forty-two papers in this volume.

\***Williams-Ellis (Clough and A.).** THE TANK CORPS. "Country Life" [1919]. 9½ in. 304 pp. il. por. index, 10/6 n. 940.9

This well-illustrated book will be generally welcomed; for most civilians have an intelligent curiosity as to the construction and functions of one of the oddest-looking, but most terrible of modern engines of war—the "new Excalibur," as the authors call it, which was "forged in England." The authors conclude that "in the phase at which military science has arrived, and at which it will probably remain for at least a generation, a superior force of Tanks can always tip the scales of the military balance of power."

## J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

\***Lamprey (L.).** IN THE DAYS OF THE GUILDS. Harrap, 1919. 8 in. 283 pp. il., 6/ n. J. 309.4

Not a bad way of introducing children to economic and industrial history is this of a series of incidents from the times of the guilds, the wool-merchants, weavers, goldsmiths, master-carvers, and their apprentices, with graphic descriptions of mediæval towns, manners, travelling and trading. The stories have the one defect, as a child would put it, "of not ending up properly"; but this is inherent in truth that is stranger than fiction.

\***Pearce (Charles E.).** STIRRING DEEDS IN THE GREAT WAR: OUR BOYS' HISTORY OF BRITISH HEROISM. Stanley Paul, 1919. 7½ in. 308 pp. il., 6/ n. J. 940.9

Mr. Pearce's volume contains not merely an account of the heroic exploits of British soldiers, but also a compendious history of the war. The individual acts are fitted into their place in the larger strategic movements, whether on land or on sea. The book is illustrated by half-tone drawings, reproduced for the most part from the picture papers of the war.